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SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.¹

I PROPOSE to trace the origin of slavery, and to show that the existence of this great evil depends upon the low scale of civilization of the dominant power. I assume that a high scale of civilization renders a state of slavery impossible, as a highly educated and exalted society must necessarily uphold the liberty of every subject. If this view is accepted, we can only arrive at the conclusion that the emancipation of slaves and the general suppression of the slave trade throughout the world will be a slow and gradual process, as the freedom of the weak will depend upon the advancement and general mental development of those countries which are now semi-civilized, and are accordingly slave-holding powers.

The earliest history of the world commences with a rude want of sympathy. The word "mercy" was not understood until taught by our divine teacher, Jesus Christ. The wars of the Jews as described in the books of Moses are terrible pictures of the hard and bloody instincts of the times. No mercy!—but a ruthless slaughter of the helpless.

"And we utterly destroyed them, as we did unto Sihon king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children, of every city."²

The prophet Samuel hews to pieces with his own hands his kingly prisoner Agag. The Old Testament is full of the most revolting accounts of wholesale

massacres without respect for age or sex. Many of the Jewish wars were those of extermination, in which by a bloody command even the "infant and suckling" perished.

Turning from such disgusting scenes of bloodshed, it is almost a relief to regard the institution of slavery, and to study the laws by which the position of slaves was regulated. We see that among the Israelites there were distinctions between classes of slaves. Their own people, *i.e.* Hebrews, might be slaves; but these appeared to enjoy a superior protection to those who were of foreign origin.

"Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, *shall be* of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever; but over your brethren the children of Israel ye shall not rule one over another with rigour."³

This is incontestable evidence that slavery was not only permitted, but regulated by laws, which enjoined the purchase of slaves both from the

¹ The Rede Lecture for 1874.

² Deut. iii. 6.

³ Leviticus xxv. 44-46.

nations without, and from those of foreign extraction, who had been born among the Israelites. These slaves, or, as the translation renders them, "bond-men," were real property, which descended together with the flocks and herds from father to son.

The privileged class of slaves were the Israelites, who were to receive their freedom on the seventh year. "And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or an Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee."¹

The permission thus given to the custom of buying and selling individuals of their own nation, had evidently led to abuse in the kidnapping of slaves. This is proved by the severity of the law, as expressed in Deuteronomy xxiv. 7: "If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh merchandise of him, or selleth him; then that thief shall die; and thou shalt put evil away from among you." Thus the children of Israel were watched over by the law, while the foreigners were condemned to hopeless slavery. Although the children of Israel could be sold, they were only leasehold property for a term of seven years, while the foreigner was freehold property—a slave for ever.

Where the lives of prisoners of war were spared, they became slaves to their conquerors. In the song to magnify the glory of that frightful treachery committed by Jael, in the murder of her sleeping guest, Sisera, we find the words: "Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?" Thus from remote ages a great portion of the spoil of victory consisted in slaves. In the wars with the Midianites, the female prisoners of maturity were massacred, while the young virgins were apportioned to the soldiers. Slavery naturally increased the horrors of warfare. The males were ruthlessly slain, that the young girls, being fatherless and friendless, might in despair resign themselves to their hopeless lot as captives, without attempts at escape. By the evidence of

¹ Deut. xv. 12.

the Bible, we know that slavery was an institution recognized by the law of Moses. To those who cling to the laws of Moses as the foundation of their religious creed, it will be hard to argue against slavery. The great slave-trading nations are Mohammedans, who believe that by Holy Writ they are not only justified, but encouraged to capture or purchase slaves, who, from the position of heathens, may become converts to the true faith, and thus serve God, at the same time that they minister to the comfort of their proprietors. So long as the Mohammedan religion shall endure, this principle of slavery will be admitted. The attempts of Christian powers to suppress that trade will simply be regarded as attacks by Christianity directed against the Moslem creed. The grand law of force will to a certain extent always rule the physical world.

Optimists cling to the hope that national disputes will be eventually settled by arbitration, and that the affairs of nations will be legally settled by an international European court, which will supersede gunpowder and the bayonet. Unfortunately for moralists and philanthropists, the law of force is one that cannot be denied; and the nation that is physically the most powerful will carry the greatest weight in the counsels of the world. Thus the civilization of the present age has not lessened the occurrence of wars, which are still the ultimate courts of trial in national disputes; but the horrors of warfare are mitigated by the sympathetic charity of Christian countries. The wounded of the enemy are tended by the surgeons of the victor, instead of being bayoneted on the field. Prisoners are carefully housed and fed, instead of being carried into slavery. This is the effect of Christianity, which, although it cannot repress warfare, has so far softened the savage instincts of mankind that wars are conducted according to international rules founded upon humanity. On the other hand, when we regard semi-barbarous countries, we see the same savagery in warfare as committed by the ancients. Witness

the war between the Turks and Greeks which happened in our own time. The ruthless massacre of the Greeks was followed by a wholesale system of slavery. Young boys and lovely girls were torn from their blood-stained homes to become the slaves and to gratify the lust of their brutal conquerors. That dreadful example of our friends the Turks represented the barbarity of remote ages. How many of our ancestors among the noble Britons perished as gladiators in the Roman arena? The Roman conquest of Britain furnished slaves celebrated above all others for their stature, personal beauty, and courage. From time immemorial the adverse fortune of war resulted in the slavery of the captives. This was a universal rule. It appeared that to enslave a fellow-man was a natural human instinct.

At the present day we regard the distant past with horror, and we are inclined to be almost incredulous to the historical accounts of wholesale slavery and massacre. We must at the same time remember that so recently as the reign of James II. political prisoners of our own kith and kin were sold as slaves to toil and die in the tropics of the West Indies. The maids of honour of the Court of James II. (not 200 years ago) received presents of Englishmen condemned for treasonable offences. These victims of the law were sold by the Queen's honourable maids to work upon the sugar plantations of Jamaica; and the proceeds of the flesh and blood of their own countrymen assisted to deck the fair persons of these courtly angels. When we regard such deplorable facts face to face, we must perceive the immense improvement of society, which in 150 years from that date resulted in the emancipation of all slaves in British possessions. This magnificent example of humanity, at a cost of 20,000,000*l.* to this country, was the most noble act in the history of England. Less than a century and a half before that time *Englishmen* had been sold as slaves. Englishmen now determined that freedom was the natural inheritance of every

human being; that the dark-coloured skin, in the eye of Him who had created it, was entitled to the same justice as the white.

From that hour England proved her right to represent true Christianity. Steadily has our country worked in the cause of liberty, not only for the black savage, but for our own people. This great example, heroically made at an immense sacrifice, stirred up the hearts of other nations, which joined in the good cause; until at length the question of slavery was raised in the New World. The interests of the South were supported by slave labour. Civil war commenced on a gigantic scale. The great political convulsion in America terminated in the emancipation of the slaves.

By this grand act, the result of England's first example, the whole civilized world had declared against slavery. The only slave-holding powers with whom we are in communication are Turkey and Egypt, combined as the Ottoman empire. All Christian countries had agreed upon the freedom of the blacks. The Moslem alone represented oppression, and resisted the great movement of liberty. We have already seen that the actual question of slavery rests upon religious creeds. The Mohammedan believes in the laws of Moses and in those of the Koran, which encourage, or at the least sanction, the slave trade. It is therefore impossible to convince so fanatical a people of the crime of slave-trading. They have the answer ready—"You are Christians, and your laws prohibit slavery. We are Mohammedans, and our laws permit it. We believe that *we are right*, and you, being infidels, *must be wrong*." If the Mohammedans were more powerful than Christian countries, they would scorn and defy our interference. Slavery is, in fact, a necessary institution to Mohammedanism. According to the laws of the Koran, a believer may have four wives at the same time. Thus, should each male take advantage of the law, a female population would be required four times as numerous as the male. Polygamy is the root of domestic evil, and must ruin

the morality of any country. The destruction of domestic morality will entail a species of barbarism throughout the country where polygamy is permitted. The women remain ignorant. If educated, they would never permit so great an insult to their sex. It is therefore in the interest of the men that the females should remain without education. Nothing can be so detrimental to the prosperity of a country as the ignorance of women. The Mohammedan girls are married to men whom they have never seen until the bridal day. Very few can either read or write. They are kept prisoners in the harems, jealously guarded by black eunuchs; and they know absolutely nothing of the outer world, few having an idea of any country beyond their own, of which they know but little. Whether the world is round or square they could not tell. Ignorance begets idleness. The life of the harem is passed in frivolous, and not always modest, conversation. The time is killed with difficulty by such amusements as the dancing girls, the almah, and the tittle-tattle of female friends, assisted by as much sleep as can be coaxed from the day by languidly lounging upon the divans in a state of dishabille.

It is not to be supposed that harem life is a terrestrial paradise, where love revels in undisturbed harmony. Every house is full of discord in proportion to the number of wives and concubines. Jealousies innumerable, together with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," form the domestic bill of fare for the polygamist. It follows as a matter of course that uneducated mothers are incapable of instructing their children. The little ones born in the harem are witnesses of the jealousies and bickerings of the various mothers from earliest infancy. They grow up with the feelings of hatred for their half-brothers that such an example would insure. The boys are launched into school-life without those sterling rudiments of education and that mother's fond advice that is with us the sheet-anchor throughout our lives. They leave the harem not

only ignorant, but wicked; full of low cunning, and without the slightest regard for truth. As the boy's early life has been passed in jealousies and hatreds among the women and their offspring in the harems, so he carries these feelings into life. He grows up without affection—cold, selfish, hypocritical, cunning, and fanatical. He possesses no love of home, for his home was one of divided affections combined with hatreds. Without a love of home there can be no love of country; thus in Mohammedan countries there is no patriotism, but only fanaticism. This miserable position is mainly due to polygamy; thus the result of the system is the moral ruin of a country.

It is natural that a great demand for women should, to a certain extent, render them indolent. The young girl grows up with the certainty that, without any exertion on her part, she will eventually be provided for by marriage. She has therefore no inducement either to cultivate accomplishments or in any way to improve her present condition. She thus passes her early years in the idleness and ignorance of the harem until her turn shall arrive for marriage; after which, she will expect a staff of slaves to be in constant attendance. Female slaves, according to the present domestic arrangements of Turkey and Egypt, are absolutely necessary in the harems. It is impossible to hire Arab women as domestic servants. Women are too scarce, owing to polygamy; therefore, being made independent by marriage, they will not engage as servants. Slaves are the only resource; but even these are frequent additions to domestic difficulties.

The female slaves of Turkey and Egypt may be divided into three classes—Circassian, Abyssinian, and negroes. The Circassians rank the highest; and although they commence their harem life in the position of slaves, they are usually advanced to the dignity of wives. Thus a married lady has frequent cause to be jealous of her own slaves, who, having gained the affections or won the admiration of her husband

(their master), may become his wives, and, if young, may enjoy greater favour than herself, the mistress.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about 15*l.*, but the same girl at Cairo would fetch 40*l.* or 50*l.* The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labour like negroes, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbeshees*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl—these would be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, often becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become per-

fectly civilized: proving that the race is capable of great advancement.

We now arrive at the lowest class—the negress—the *slave* “par excellence,” as accepted in England. The negro slaves are captured from every tribe between Khartoum and the equator. There is no slave trade, but every slave has been *kidnapped* by the slave-hunters of Khartoum. Before I suppressed the slave trade of the White Nile, about 50,000 slaves were brought down from the countries bordering that river every year. The young girls are preferred when about seven or eight years old, as they are more readily taught the work required. The best looking girls are taken north, and are distributed to the various markets by diverse routes; some to the Mediterranean, *via* the desert from Kordofan to Tripoli; others to the Red Sea, and many to Egypt. The negroes purchased for the harems occupy the position of either simple slaves or concubines, according to the desire of their proprietor, but they very rarely, if ever, attain to the dignity of wives, as they are properly regarded as the most inferior race. They are accordingly in the common position of servants.

This short description of the domestic position of female slaves will be sufficient to explain the want of cohesion throughout Mohammedan society. There are few fathers, but many mothers. There is so constant an admixture of foreign blood that it is difficult to decide a true ethnological position. In one family there may be by the various mothers a half Circassian, half negress—half Abyssinian, half Arab, half Turk; and this motley group of half-bred children will in their turn procreate a second generation of half-breeds, by intermarrying with women of strange races. Such a progeny must be incapable of the feeling of patriotism. They belong to no special race, and consequently they take but small interest in the prosperity of the country. Each prosecutes his selfish interests. There is no nationality; not even a patriotic ejaculation common to other countries. No shout, no heart-stirring

cry when a regiment is pressing on to victory. "God and the Prophet!"—but no other exclamation is heard from the mouth of either Turk or Egyptian. The result of such a domestic system must ruin the most prosperous country; each house is "divided against itself." The enervating life of the harem destroys the energy of man, while it demoralizes woman; thus the men become lazy and effeminate, and the country, as a matter of course, languishes.

Although the main points of the Mohammedan religion are theologically not far distant from our own, there is a direct element of confusion in all their domestic laws, which, unless reformed, will continue to deteriorate their races. If we look back to the great fanatical movement which was the first impulse of the early Mohammedans, we behold the terrible effect of a mighty religious shock upon all the flourishing countries of Northern Africa. The flood of armies, led on by an irresistible enthusiasm, rushed like an earthquake wave from east to west, burying beneath it all civilization, extinguishing the light of science, crashing down monuments of antiquity, and threatening even Europe with the desolation that it had left from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The path of the Moslem was marked by destruction. Egypt, that had been the oldest seat of learning and of wisdom, sank under the Mohammedan assault. The grand library of Alexandria, with untold historical treasures, was wantonly committed to the flames. For weeks all the hot-baths of Alexandria were heated with manuscripts containing information that has now perished for ever. The miserable fanatics declared that "all that man required to know was contained in one book, '*the Koran*,' therefore all other books were hurtful, and should be destroyed." It would be impossible to speculate upon what the result of the Mohammedan movement might have been had Europe succumbed to the attack; but from the present position of Turkey since the conquest by the Turks, we may judge by analogy that other portions of Europe would

have exhibited the same retrogression. The countries of Northern Africa have sunk into complete insignificance. The Delta of Egypt must always continue fruitful, owing to its extraordinary fertility caused by the annual inundation of the Nile; but beyond the Delta, within the range of Upper Egypt, we find nothing but the imperishable relics of former greatness. When we regard the present existing population, we look back with wonder and regret to that which has passed away.

If we accept the present miserable state of Northern Africa as the result of Mohammedan conquest and occupation, and believe, as I have suggested, that the domestic laws—and especially polygamy—are the curse of the country, the first step towards a wholesome reform must be the suppression of the slave trade, which will reduce the number and supply of women. If the sexes are nearly balanced, polygamy will by degrees cease to exist. When education shall have improved the intellectual condition of women, and the suppression of the slave trade shall have proscribed the imports of foreign women, the natural instincts of their sex will determine their domestic position. Women will refuse to remain like herds of females belonging to one male, and they will be enabled to assert the natural right of one woman to be the sole conjugal companion of one man. This will be one of the great moral results of the suppression of the slave trade: that women shall no longer be subjected to such competition, by reason of extraordinary numbers, that they must submit to the degrading position in which they are now placed by polygamy. If women are in moderate numbers, they will be enhanced in value, and they will be able to assert "*women's rights*;" but they, like all other articles, will be reduced in value when the supply exceeds the demand. At present the free trade in foreign women in Egypt and Northern Africa reduces the value of the home production; thus they have no escape from the degradation of polygamy.

From whatever point of view we regard slavery, it is an unmitigated evil. In a short outline we have traced its origin to barbarous ages, and we have admitted that such an institution is incompatible with civilization. At the same time we must admit that the question is surrounded by many difficulties. In England we at once cut the Gordian knot, and by an Act of Parliament we suddenly emancipated our slaves and rewarded the proprietors with an indemnity of twenty millions. There can be no question that the act was chivalrous, but at the same time foolish. There was a lack, not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, in the sudden emancipation of a vast body of inferior human beings, who, thus released from a long bondage, were unfitted for a sudden liberty. The negroes thus freed by the British Government naturally regarded their former proprietors as their late oppressors, from whom they had been delivered by an Act of Parliament. This feeling was neither conducive to harmony nor industry. The man who is suddenly freed requires no logic to assure him that he has been wrongly held in slavery; his first impulse is therefore to hate his former master. A slave who has throughout his life been compelled to labour, will naturally avoid that labour when freedom shall afford him the opportunity. Therefore the sudden enfranchisement of a vast body of slaves created a ruinous famine of labour, and colonies that had been most prosperous fell into decay; the result of ill-advised although philanthropic legislation. If a value had been fixed upon every negro slave as the price of liberty, and he had been compelled to work with his original master at a certain rate per day until he had thus earned his freedom, the slave would have appreciated the benefit of his industry; he would have become industrious by habit, as he would have gained his reward. At the same time he would have parted, or perhaps have remained with his master, without an imaginary wrong. The emancipation of slaves must be gradual, especially in

such countries as Turkey and Egypt. England may play the philanthropic fool, and throw away twenty millions for an idea, but how can we expect a poor country to follow so wild an example?

This is one difficulty. We press Egypt to emancipate her slaves and to suppress the slave trade; but the emancipation would be most unjust and injudicious unless compensation were given to the proprietors who had purchased those slaves when slavery was an institution admitted by the Government. A Government has no more right to take away a man's slave than his horse or his cow, unless some wrong has been committed in the acquisition. Where a Government cannot afford to pay a general indemnity for a general enfranchisement, it is absurd for England to press for a general emancipation. We will even suppose that the slaves were suddenly emancipated throughout the Egyptian dominions, what would be the result? One half would quit the country and return to their old haunts of savagery. Others would become vagrants; the women would set up drinking and dancing houses, and a general demoralization would be the result.

The present physical condition of slaves throughout Egypt is good. They are well fed, and generally are well treated by their masters. In many cases a slave rises to a high rank. I know an instance where a slave rose to the high position of Pasha and Major-General. One of the lieutenant-colonels under my command had originally been a slave; and most of the officers in the Soudan regiments had risen through good conduct from the same low origin. Among the upper classes, the domestic slaves are frequently in a better position than other household servants. A servant may give notice to his master, and change his situation at will; thus he loses the confidence that would be reposed in the slave who actually belongs to his master. Slaves are generally proud of belonging to a master; and I have frequently heard them speak with

contempt of those who have no proprietor, as though they were so inferior that they were generally disowned. It is a mistake to suppose that the slaves throughout the East are anxious for delivery. Negroes do not care for change. If they are well fed and clothed, and not overworked, they are generally faithful and contented. Among the lower classes, the slave always eats from the same dish as his master; and there is a feeling of pride in his position, that he forms a portion of the family. The eunuchs are especial favourites, and are always accepted as members of the household entitled to peculiar consideration. They are accustomed to every luxury, and take the highest positions in the houses of the wealthy. It has been remarked that the Viceroy of Egypt, if in earnest, should set the example of liberty by emancipating all the slaves of his harems. Such remarks can only proceed from those who are utterly ignorant of the position of eunuchs in a royal household. These effeminate personages never work; they are perfectly incapable of earning a livelihood by any other occupation except that in which they are engaged. To set these people at what is called "liberty" would be to turn them on to the streets to starve.

This being the general position of slaves in Egypt, the question of enfranchisement is extremely difficult. Liberty would certainly not improve the temporal condition of the slaves. At the same time, slavery should be suppressed. We must remember that the population of Egypt is unequal to the amount of labour required for the cultivation of the land. The principal fellahs, or farmers, of Upper Egypt are large proprietors of slaves. These negroes work the water-lifts for irrigation, and perform the chief labour on the fields. They are contented and well-conducted people, who would certainly not be improved by a sudden emancipation, which would as certainly bring ruin upon the farmer, whose land would be thrown out of cultivation. The more intimate we become with the

subject, the greater is the difficulty in dealing with slavery so as to be just to all parties. We have no right suddenly to snatch up the cause of the negro, and bring a verdict of guilty against his master. If we determine to offer justice to the black man, we must also preserve some show of equity towards the white. No one has a greater horror of the slave trade than myself, and perhaps no one has made greater personal efforts to suppress it; but I must acknowledge that custom and ancient laws have granted a right to certain races, according to their religious belief, not only to hold, but actually to trade in human beings. To carry out our views of philanthropy we exert moral force on land, and physical force at sea; but we must admit that the physical force has achieved more than the moral in the suppression of the African slave trade. Notwithstanding our efforts during many years, it is notorious that the slave trade still flourishes to a large extent, which proves that this old institution is so deeply engraved upon the hearts of certain nations that they will run the most dangerous risks in such an enterprise. If we are determined to suppress this abomination, we must sternly *insist* upon its suppression, but this must not be in vague terms. The nuisance is admitted, and the evil must be vigorously attacked. At the same time, a certain respect is due to Turkey and Egypt.

The Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, has taken the initiative at the request of European powers, especially England. The great difficulty is a decided plan of action. The assumed case is as follows:—

The negro is sure to retrograde if left to his own unassisted endeavours.

Under certain conditions he is a valuable member of society.

These conditions necessitate a certain amount of coercion.

Without coercion he is useless: with coercion he is valuable.

The negro has therefore been made a slave from time immemorial.

We are now determined to enfranchise him, therefore we must decide upon his future position. In my opinion, we must make a distinction between those negroes who have been slaves, and those who are the free inhabitants of their own country, when we consider this important question.

I have endeavoured to exhibit the evil of slavery, while describing the difficulties attending a too sudden emancipation. The wisest course would be a gradual enfranchisement, commencing from a certain date; and I would suggest that in this instance we should pay some respect to Mohammedan powers by so far adhering to the Mosaic law as to adopt the principle of the Hebrew term of bondage—"then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee." By adopting this course the slaves would be gradually educated for liberty, while the interval of seven years would enable their proprietors to make certain domestic arrangements that would prevent confusion on the day of jubilee. I believe that a reform thus quietly carried out would simply change the slave into a free servant, and that few would leave their old masters. At the same time that the blessing of freedom would be conferred upon the slave, no actual wrong would have been inflicted on his master. The seven years' gratuitous service would be the price of liberty, and would cancel the first cost of purchase.

I will now turn to the more interesting condition of the negro savage in his native land. It has been the custom to argue upon the *negro* as though only one species could be represented by this designation: the negro has been brought forward as a special type. Our researches in Africa during the last half-century have shown us a great variety of negroes differing in appearance and in intelligence according to the conditions of the countries they inhabit. We find only one pervading peculiarity among all African negro tribes—the woolly hair growing in separate tufts. There is no exception to this rule; but

beyond this the negroes of various portions of Africa differ as much or more than Europeans. The negroes of the West Coast have broad flat noses, prognathous jaws, large mouths, with excessively thick lips. As we alter the meridian, and proceed from west to east, we find that this peculiarity is gradually reduced, until we arrive in countries where the facial angle is in good proportion. The thick lips and deformed mouths disappear, the hideous nose is replaced by an excellent feature, and nothing remains of the negro *par excellence* but the peculiarity of the hair. The character of tribes differs as much as their personal appearance. Those pastoral people who possess large flocks and herds are the most warlike. This is the result of a life of vigilance as shepherds, who are constantly exposed to the attacks of their neighbours. In all pastoral countries the natives are constantly at war, as cattle-lifting is a sport generally indulged in. The agricultural tribes are more amenable to law than the pastoral. The shepherd, in the event of war, can drive off his flocks to a secure retreat; therefore he has less fear of disturbance; but the farmer cannot move his crops, which would be at the mercy of the enemy: thus he is peacefully inclined.

The first step towards the improvement of the negro is to induce him with a taste for agriculture; to show him that the earth will repay his labour, and that industry and peace will profit him more than war. Practice combined with preaching will be understood by the negro. If he can be assured of protection, and if he feels confident of obtaining justice, he will be in a fair condition for improvement. The first step necessary for the improvement of savage races is the establishment of a strong but paternal government. Negroes seldom think of the future. They cultivate the ground at various seasons, but they limit their crops to their actual wants; therefore an unexpected bad season reduces them to famine. They grow a variety of cereals, which, with a minimum of labour, yield upon their

fertile soil a large return. Nothing would be easier than to double the production, but this would entail the necessity of extra store-room, which means extra labour; thus with happy indifference the native thinks but lightly of to-morrow. He eats and drinks while his food lasts; and when famine arrives, he endeavours to steal from his neighbours. There is an extreme love of independence in most savages, but especially among negroes. When they work at their fields they appear to be industrious, but this hard labour lasts for a short term, to be relieved by a period of idleness. Hunting and fishing are amusements eagerly pursued, but even in such sports, a fortunate day is followed by several days of relaxation. Nothing is so distasteful to the negro as regular daily labour: thus nothing that he possesses is durable. His dwelling is of straw or wattles; his crops suffice for a support from hand to mouth; and as his forefathers worked only for themselves and not for posterity, so also does the negro of the present day. Thus, without foreign assistance, the negro a thousand years hence will be no better than the negro of to-day—as the negro of to-day is in no superior position to that of his ancestors some thousand years ago.

There is no portion of the globe more blessed by nature than a great part of Africa, especially the equatorial regions that I have lately annexed to Egypt. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful country, combining unbounded capabilities. We frequently meet with magnificent scenery in Europe, such as we enjoy to view in Scotland or in other mountainous countries; but unfortunately such bold landscapes generally denote a sterile soil. In Central Africa we have every beauty of mountainous scenery, combined with the most fertile soil and healthy climate. There is an unlimited area with an average altitude above the sea of 4,000 feet, which embraces all that man could desire. In the hands of Europeans this would become a mine of wealth. Never was a country so specially designed by nature

for the production of coffee. In the country of Usui the coffee-shrub is indigenous. The sugar-cane is met with; but the natives only chew raw coffee and suck the juice of the cane, being as ignorant as their own rats of their proper uses. This ignorance extends to the want of appreciation of their country. They know nothing of its capabilities, neither do they care.

At the same time there is a large population divided into numerous tribes, who are constantly at war with each other. Taking advantage of the anarchy of Central Africa, the slave-hunters had an unbounded field for their operations. Thus a country which should be a paradise, was converted into an infernal region. Thousands of slave-hunters from the Soudan, organized as a military force, burnt, pillaged, massacred, and violated at discretion. Horrors hitherto unknown in savage countries were introduced. A country that I had seen in former years teeming with villages, and rich in native wealth, was rendered desolate. The young girls and boys were carried off into hopeless slavery. The old were massacred. The natives on all sides detested the sight of a stranger. Even a traveller was considered as the harbinger of some calamity.

This desolation was the result of the slave trade, and every abomination was committed in the name of "God and the Prophet."

My task was to bring this chaos into order. The first step necessary was to establish a government to give protection to the oppressed. This necessitated the annexation of the country. The next step was to abolish the slave trade, and to drive the slave-hunters from the country. It was necessary to establish a line of military stations from Ismalia to Unyoro, a distance of 330 miles. Protection would insure confidence among the natives. This once established, would be followed by general improvement. European seeds of vegetables, &c., were distributed among the tribes. These thrived luxuriantly. Agriculture was generally encouraged. The

natives were forbidden to make war with other tribes without the sanction of the Government. Thus peace was established throughout a large extent of country. Legitimate trade was organized, instead of the pillage to which the natives had been accustomed. The slave-hunters were driven from the country at the point of the bayonet. A slight tax on corn was cheerfully paid for the support of the troops. The Government was established. For the first time in history, the Ottoman flag represented English ideas of liberty and justice, and was regarded by the natives as the symbol of protection.

In that distant portion of the Nile, in N. lat 4° 54', I left an excellent Missionary for the improvement of African savages. This is a power that will in a few years create an effect that could hardly be achieved by any other agent, a purely English Missionary—*STEAM*—which even during our own lifetime has been the great civilizing instrument of the world. As England first launched a steamer to cross the Atlantic, so have Englishmen built the first steamer at the last navigable limit of the Nile. This fine vessel of 108 tons, constructed of steel, by Messrs. Samuda Brothers, was carried in sections with incredible labour across the Nubian deserts for upwards of 400 miles on the backs of camels. She now, at a distance of nearly 3,000 miles from the mouth of the Nile, represents the industry of the shipwrights who constructed her, and

the enterprize of the Khedive of Egypt, whose name she bears. Another steamer is lying in sections at Gondokoro, ready for transport to the Albert N'yanza. When a steamer shall appear upon that vast lake, Africa will awaken from her sleep. The difficulties that have hitherto kept her in savagedom are those of transport. Those difficulties will vanish. The Khedive is about to connect Khartoum with Cairo by railway. The White Nile will bring the produce of Central Africa to the terminus, and the great lake will form the nucleus for a trade, the dimensions of which will depend upon the integrity and honour of the Egyptian Government. By these means will Africa draw nearer to civilization.

In the late expedition that I had the honour to command, I feel that I have been the humble tiller of the ground; the seeds I have sown will, I trust, be nursed by others until they shall bear fruit. This fruit I may not live to enjoy: but as England's colonial prosperity is the grand result of those first explorers who laid the sound foundations, I trust that in the work I have accomplished, the cause for which England has always striven will be advanced; and that when my name shall long have been forgotten, the prosperity of Central Africa, and the liberty of her people, may date from the Khedive of Egypt's expedition—which first crushed the abomination of the slave trade of the White Nile.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIV.

"COME, Ellen. All stratagems are fair in love; and if you don't drop such a hint of Cousin Anne's alarms as will frighten Lesbia Maynard into joining us in our sudden flight to Castle Daly, I'll be forced to forge a letter from her precious brother to summon her to Ireland in a hurry. He'll have to get his head broken in a scrimmage;—or stay, he shall fight a duel with Darby O'Roone and be shot through the heart, dead; and the sister, hurrying to meet the corpse as it is brought in at the front door, shall fall down and break her back. I'll write a neat letter from old Dr. O'Moore conveying the pleasing intelligence, if you persist in your obstinacy: for, to leave the darling at twenty-four hours' notice, just after telling her she's the jewel of my heart, and without knowing how she takes the news, is what Connor Daly is not the boy to do—let Pelham Daly say what he will."

"And you would frighten her to death to prove your affection?"

"Once get her safely wiled away with us, and leave it to me to comfort her, and let her know, all in good time, that the letter was just a *slight* misunderstanding."

"She would hate you for ever afterwards for giving her such a fright."

"Not she, when she understood it was all the way I had of keeping near her. If I thought she had such a poor heart as not to put up with a bit of a fright about a brother or a sister, that her lover planned to save them from parting, by Jove! Pelham would be welcome to have her, for she'd not be the girl for me."

"I should think it the poor heart that would put the lover above the

brother. What will you say, Con, when I do that same?"

"Find a lover to love you half as well as your brother Connor, and you are welcome to put him where you will."

"Oh, the King of Blarney that he is; but I shall not look out for one that will match you that way: and, Connor, dear, I think you have carried the blarney a taste too far with Lesbia, and that she is annoyed by your sending her those verses. I wrote a little note late last night to let her know that we were leaving Whitecliffe in a day or two, and there has been no sign in answer from her yet. She has not appeared at window or door, and just now I saw Mrs. Maynard leave the house, driving the whole troop of boys before her, and no Lesbia. Can she be ill?"

"I vow I'll not leave the place if she is, till I have seen her again. She has the tenderest little heart in the world; and you may depend my verses——"

"Have half killed her with the laugh over them she has had. Oh, Connor, how glad I am I'm not in love with any one, and that no one's in love with me. I would not have the pleasure of going home spoilt by having to give a thought or a look back to the noblest lover in the world. I am glad there is not the least beginning of a slender thread to hold my heart from home."

Ellen danced to the window, threw it up as she spoke, and leaned out. "You won't get a sorrowful good-bye from me," she cried; "you poor little bits of white stones that call yourselves rocks, and you dull, leaden sea down there creeping up to them, and you great lonely corn-fields and meadows, and straight roads, where one never meets a friendly face, or hears a 'God save you kindly.' Won't I shake the dust of you from my feet when I go with a laughing heart!"

"Without a thought of the friend you leave behind you? That's what a woman's friendship's worth."

"Little Lesbia? Of course, I shall be sorry to say good-bye to her; but, Con, I can't seriously put her beside Cousin Anne and home. Oh, the smell of the peat, and the sparkle of our own lake, and the thunder of real waves on the shore, and the friendly warm words, and faces that brighten when one comes near! I did not know how sick my heart was for them all till now. It will be always that way with me. You may make much of falling in love, if you like. With me nothing will ever come near home and my own people. Those blessed, stupid fears of Cousin Anne's, how I thank them for dragging us back!"

"If thanks and blessings are flying about I shall put in my claim for a share. Trace back far enough, and I'm the moving spring that set all the little wheels in motion that pull the rope that is drawing you."

"Connor, I hope not! How can you have had anything to do with our people's discontent against Mr. Thornley, and the troubles that have worked papa up to such a state of indignation that he cannot rest here a week longer?"

"Not intentionally, perhaps; but if I had not stood by Dennis Malachy at the time you know of, and cleverly kept my father and other people from finding him out for the sworn rebel and Ribbon-man I knew him to be, would he ever have had that little place by the edge of the bog given back to him? And if my father had not put him there, could Mr. Thornley have turned him out? And if he had not had his roof lifted off his head, would there have been the black blood there is between his faction and Mr. Thornley? Cousin Anne would never have heard that gun fired, and we should have stayed here till the end of the chapter."

"You don't think it a fancy of Anne's. You think the danger real, and that Dennis Malachy is in it?"

"I think Thornley is a dunderheaded pedant, who will set the country on fire if he's left to work his own will;

and that it is high time my father was home again. I agree with Anne that he ought never to have left his post," said Connor, grandly.

"It's easy talking; but with mamma so ill, and always so sad-hearted, I don't know what he could have done but travel about to please her. There are moments when I hate myself for being glad to go home, for, Connor, I saw a look on her face when we were all talking and laughing last night that just broke my heart. She looked as if she thought it was to her death she was going, and you and I laughing over it. I hope the day won't come, Con, when you'll hate to think it was your doing."

"If you don't manage it so that Lesbia Maynard goes with us, I'll hate to think of it now. Ellen, is not the door of the Red House opening this minute? Is not that she herself coming down the garden to the street? You look; I dare not."

"Gracious! what a sudden fit of modesty. Yes, there she is, with her head up, stepping daintily. What pretty, gay-plumaged little bird is she like? There must be company at the Maynards'. She is wearing the lilac-chequered silk dress that becomes her so well, and generally only comes out on Sunday, and her freshest bonnet. Perhaps it is a protest to show you that she does not always wear the 'poorest gown,' and scorns to fall back upon the airy clothing you propose to invest her with."

"Ellen, don't. You have not a spark of poetry in your composition, I declare, or you would let those lines alone. Why, positively there's Pelham rushing out to open the door; he must have been on the look-out for her from the dining-room window. Hang him! he'll get the first word, and fancy that it is for his sake she looks so down-hearted about our leaving Whitecliffe."

"But I don't think she does look down-hearted. As well as I can judge from the window, she is a little more smiling and important than usual in her lilac dress—like a little bantam hen furbelowed down to her feet."

"I shall rush off, and come back in time to escort her home, and have her for a few minutes all to myself; I can't stand Pelham's watching."

Connor condescended to the undignified measure of peeping over the balusters when he had reached the landing of the topmost story of the house. He had the satisfaction of seeing Lesbia Maynard mount the lowest flight of stairs alone; but he had previously surprised a look on her face, as she and Pelham stood on the door-mat together shaking hands, that disposed him to dash into his own room and relieve his mind for the next quarter of an hour by throwing his boots and hair-brushes about.

Lesbia paused at the drawing-room door to put up her hands and try to smooth the inconvenient rush of colour out of her burning cheeks. She herself was not at all surprised at the great bound her heart had given when the door had opened and she had found herself face to face with Pelham Daly on the door-mat. It was only natural she should start and look confused; for just at that very moment she had been saying to herself that he must have left Whitecliffe hours ago, and that she should certainly never see him again. The surprise was quite enough to account for and excuse her blushes, but she did not care to bring them under Ellen's eyes. She thought it behoved her to be very calm and dignified on the occasion of this visit. Important events had occurred since she was last in that room, and it would require all the judiciousness she could muster to speak of them worthily to the friend whose character, frank and gay as her manners were, somehow or other puzzled her a little.

Ellen saw the effort and constraint in Lesbia's manner at a glance, and before they were seated exclaimed, "What is the matter? What has happened since the day before yesterday, Babette?"

"Oh, so many things; you can have no idea," said Lesbia; and then she possessed herself of the blind-tassel that had been Pelham's plaything the day

before, and began to plait and unplait its threads, while Ellen, looking down into her face, wondered what the expression exactly was that had come into it within the last forty-eight hours, and changed it so greatly.

"I got your letter last night," Lesbia began, waking up at last.

"And you are *so* sorry to lose us," Ellen cried, feeling penitently that she had not rated the warmth of Lesbia's affectionateness rightly before.

"What makes you say *so* sorry?"

Ellen passed her finger lightly along a red line that incircled Lesbia's eyes. "Don't I know how this comes?" she said; "and will I ever forget that you cared enough for us to shed tears at our going, you dear little friend? Nay, don't colour so furiously; you don't suppose I would let the conceited boys know? there would be no bearing with their vanity for ever afterwards if I did."

"It was not that," said Lesbia, glowing brighter and brighter, till she was obliged to put up her hands again to hide her cheeks. "Ellen, I can't tell you stuck up on a chair; let me come and sit on that stool by your feet, and then I shall be able to speak. Some news came to our house yesterday."

"And we had news too—excellent news—for it has determined papa, as I told you, to go back to Ireland at once. You will not be able to match that, I am afraid."

"I don't know; but, Ellen, I must tell you first that I did not cry because you were to leave Whitecliffe, but because I have had a great quarrel with my cousins. Mrs. Maynard has been very unkind to me."

"My poor, dear Babette! but that is nothing new; does it not happen every day?"

"Yes, indeed; but this quarrel was serious, and the unkindness what I cannot forget. She called me a serpent and a hypocrite, and said that John and Bride had deceived her—and—I answered. I don't know how it happened, for I had been feeling so kindly towards her a few minutes before; but all the angry

thoughts that I have had in my heart against her for seven years seemed under the provocation of her grudging words to rise up and fly out of my mouth. I was not frightened at the moment, but I have been shaking and trembling almost ever since. This morning she is sorry, and would like to be friends with me again, but I cannot. She showed me her heart last night, and it was so full of envy and grudging I can never bear with her again. Ellen, do you think your mother would let me travel with you to Ireland when you go, to join John and Bride?"

"Think? I am sure she will. It is just what Connor and I were planning. Of course, you shall go home with us at once, and break free from Mrs. Maynard—bad luck to her for ever! I do congratulate you now, Babette, though you don't know what it is you are going to. Why, your news is as good as ours."

"But you have not heard it yet; the quarrel came afterwards. I had my news in a letter from Ireland."

"So ours came."

"But they cannot be the same; for mine concerns myself—me more than any one else in the world," said Lesbia, raising her head, that had been half resting against Ellen's knee. "Do you remember what I told you once about my rich grand-uncle, John Maynard?"

"I guess, I guess! he is dead, and has left all his money to you; and you cannot rest till you have seen your brother, and given up the inheritance to him, that he only lost through his faithfulness to your father. I remember the story quite well; and, dear Lesbia, I have always been expecting this to happen, and that you would act as you are going to do. If your mean-spirited cousins oppose your wish to do justice to your brother, we will stand up for you and help you through. I suppose that was what the quarrel began upon?"

"Why, no. I had not thought of all that. I am not so quick as you. I don't suppose I could give my fortune away, or that anything would induce John or Bride to take it. You don't

know them. Here is John's letter; read what he says."

"I like it," Ellen pronounced, when she came to the end. "Well, I suppose it will be all the same, for you cannot be rich without your brother and sister sharing. They who provided for you ever since your mother died, they'll never be so unkind as not to take part of what you have now."

"Of course we shall live together; that is the great happiness my fortune brings to me. But still it is I who shall have to take my uncle's name, and be Lesbia Maynard, and an heiress. John calls himself my faithful guardian, you see."

"He has always been that, has he not?"

"Yes, indeed. I have not seen them for seven years—not since I was a little child; but I know they are the best people in the world. I don't suppose I shall ever laugh and joke with them as you do with your brothers. Bride is so old, and John so dreadfully clever. I am going home, but I don't know what home will be like. Last night, after the quarrel with my cousins, I think I felt more frightened at the news of my fortune than glad. The one cheerful thought I had to turn to was the prospect of travelling with you, whom I know, to Castle Daly, and having you near me at first to help me."

"That we will. We will have glorious times all together there."

"But—but you will not all be there?"

"All but Pelham; he remains with us till we leave Whitecliffe, and then goes to Oxford to take his degree. I suppose we shall have him living at home always after that, unless papa consents to his going into the army, as he wishes. Castle Daly is not to him what it is to Connor and me; he longs to get away to India—anywhere from the poor old place, that is not just trim and grand enough for him; but there are difficulties in the way. Mamma does not like parting with him so far, and papa talks of expense. I don't know how it will be settled."

"I must say good-bye now, or I shall keep the Maynards' dinner waiting, and be scolded again. You will let me know what your mother says about taking charge of me on the journey before post time, will you not? And, Ellen, perhaps you will not mind not saying anything about my fortune to your brothers or any one, just yet. I had rather not speak of it again till after I have seen John and Bride."

"I understand. You think you may possibly be able to give the fortune up to your brother, or divide it with him; and in that case you had rather not have it spoken of as yours now. I will be careful. I won't even be provoked to give a hint, if a person we know of takes liberties, in verse, with your gowns again. Oh, Babette, how I shall laugh at him for that by and by."

"At him? But I thought you said you never did laugh at him—that you were afraid."

"Afraid of laughing at Connor! I do nothing else but laugh at him all day long. Is not he the boy one must laugh at and love? There, I hear him opening his door softly up stairs, that he may be ready to meet you accidentally on the stairs as you go out and escort you home."

"Oh no, no; don't let him," cried Lesbia, whose changeful face had suddenly clouded over with a blank look of mortification. "Please, please stop him; I could not bear to talk nonsense to him to-day, I have so much to think of. I want to get home quietly without any more talk, I do indeed."

"You shall, then, if I have to hold Connor down in his chair; only don't tire your poor eyes with any more tears. Babette, you really must not be so rainy when you get to Ireland. The sky does all the weeping there, and our faces have to make sunshine. I shall not let you do anything but laugh at Castle Daly."

With a hasty farewell Lesbia ran down stairs and fled across the road, and up the little garden path, not suffering herself to pause and take breath till she was safe shut into the attic bedroom

she shared with Bobbie and Wattie. There was no real occasion for so much haste, and she rather wondered at herself for the energy of her flight, not knowing that it was, in truth, from an unwelcome thought she was fleeing. The thought overtook her, of course, as soon as she stood still and began to take off and fold away her walking dress. It came in the shape of another of the revulsions of feeling from elation to depression, that had been uneasily racking her poor little heart and brain for the last twenty-four hours. There had been a certain glow upon her—a bright haze of exultation and new consequence investing all her surroundings, when she had stood before the glass, an hour before, dressing herself for her visit to the Dalys; and now she felt as if she had had a fall, and was bruised and shaken by it. Those verses that had been chiming in her head all the morning did not mean so very much, after all. They were no secret between herself and one other person; Ellen Daly had laughed over them, and Connor had written them.

She would be grateful to Connor, she resolved; he had been her first friend and champion, and certainly he wrote beautiful verses; only he need not have said the *poorest* gown, poor was such an ugly word, and was not applicable to her when she was dressed her worst, really; and somehow the remark seemed a greater liberty in him than if it had come from some one else whom she could better forgive for knowing always what she had on, and for perhaps thinking nothing good enough for her.

Then this fortune. Ellen Daly had not seemed to think of it as really hers at all; it had struck her only as a thing to be given away at once, just as if its having been left to her did not invest her with a lasting right in it. Lesbia stood still for nearly a quarter of an hour mechanically smoothing a crease out of her bonnet string, and turning this reflection over and over in her mind.

With all her heart and soul she wished and intended to be generous to

John and Bride. She meant to give them everything she had ; but then she had thought of always going on *giving*, not of doing it once for all, and having no power or part in the matter afterwards ; becoming John's little sister again, instead of being, as she had begun to think herself, Lesbia Maynard his ward, to whom he was faithful guardian. That hasty, utter giving up of all at once to John Thornley looked rather a flat and uninteresting conclusion to the bright dreams and hopes that, even in the last twelve hours, she had begun to weave round herself.

Another sort of giving away had in truth been in her mind, but, as she finally rolled up her bonnet string, she decided with a sigh that the opportunity for it would now never come. The glorious chance of being wooed poor and giving herself rich which had seemed so close to her this morning. Before she had done fancying how it possibly might have been, the bell rang, and she had to leave her bonnet on the table and run down breathless to dinner.

Ellen did not find a good opportunity for bringing forward Lesbia's request till the evening, when the family were sitting together after dinner ; and she was so conscious that Pelham's and Connor's eyes were turned upon her the instant she introduced her friend's name into the conversation, that she could not bring out her plan quite in the simple, unconcerned manner she had intended. Her eagerness was enough to raise a host of little nervous scruples and doubts as to the propriety of the arrangement in Mrs. Daly's mind.

In the first place, who was Lesbia Maynard, and how did they know that she was any relation to the Mr. and Miss Thornley who were now living at Castle Daly ? And again, what proof had they that her brother and sister approved of her leaving her cousin, Dr. Maynard's house ? Might they not be abetting an act of rebellion against rightful authority if they aided her sudden flight ? When Connor and Ellen had exhausted themselves in vehement explanations and assurances on

these points, came another difficulty, which Mrs. Daly, by way of giving a turn to the conversation, and possibly saving herself from a second avalanche of indignant words, referred to her husband.

"If this Miss Maynard, or Thornley, is sister to your agent, and is likely to live with him for the future, would it be well to encourage such intimacy between her and Ellen, as a long journey together would certainly lead to ?"

"What does it matter ?" answered Mr. Daly, carelessly. "What harm could Mr. Thornley do Ellen ? And besides, I don't suppose he or his sisters will continue to live in the neighbourhood of Castle Daly after I return there."

"And nothing can make me more intimate with Lesbia than I am already," cried Ellen.

Pelham had risen from the table and retired to a dark corner of the room with a newspaper while Ellen and Connor had been dinning their mother's ears with assurances of Lesbia's respectability and identity : just now he came forward again and leaned over her chair.

"You forget, mother," he said, quietly, "that these Thornleys are relations of Uncle Charles and of your own."

"Are they, indeed ? Yes, I suppose it is so ; but we lost sight of them so long ago that, though I can recollect some Thornleys visiting at Pelham Court, I don't know what degree of relationship there may be between ourselves and these young people."

"They are cousins. Their grandfather, Sir Francis Thornley, married your aunt. John Thornley's father was the youngest son of that Sir Francis."

"Pelham, how came you to know all that ?" said Ellen.

"I looked it out in the pedigree," said Pelham, firmly ; "it is right that we should know the fact, and treat our own relations with proper consideration, whatever position of life they may be in now."

"To be sure," cried Connor, laughing ; "such nobs as we are. If people do

happen to be so lucky as to have a drop of good old obstinate Pelham blood in them let us treat them with reverence by all means. Up with the purple token on a flag—a drop of unmistakable English blood—and let the Irish half of us own our masters. It beats keeping a gig for a warrant of respectability, to be related in the fourth degree to a Pelham. Why have not the savages round Castle Daly been readier to do homage?"

"Hush, Connor, hush," said Mr. Daly, putting a hand on his son's arm.

Mrs. Daly was, meanwhile, looking up into her eldest son's face, and reading an expression in the dark eyes that met hers which caused her a certain *serrement de cœur*.

"I did not know that you had much acquaintance with these friends of Ellen's, Pelham," she said, apologetically; "I thought you objected to the intimacy once."

"I made a mistake then," he answered bluntly.

"Well, if you really think it right, and your father approves; but" (turning again to Mr. Daly with an eager air, as if grasping at a last straw) "have there not been complaints against these Thornleys in your Irish letters? Does not Anne O'Flaherty think ill of them for some cause or other?"

"An excellent reason for your thinking well of them, is it not, Eleanor?" Mr. Daly answered, smiling. "I should say that settled the matter. Anne O'Flaherty dislikes both the Thornleys cordially, so you have nothing to do but write at once to their sister, and invite her, in your warmest manner, to join us on the journey. It is only a mark of disagreement due from you to Anne."

It was not often that he addressed sarcastic remarks to her now, and they had not quite the same effect they had formerly. A faint flush on the faded cheek, a bewildered, appealing expression of pain in the eyes answered them now, instead of the old panoply of cold reserve.

Mr. Daly saw at once that his words had given pain, and tried to atone for them by an eager—

"Do just as you like about it, however, Eleanor; you are the best judge."

She leaned back in her chair wearily.

"I wish you would all go out and leave me alone," she said, "for I am very tired of hearing you all talk at once. Ellen will carry out her plan, of course; I give her free leave: but I wish she was not so ingenious in inventing schemes to bring new cares on me, as if I had not always more than I have strength for."

The party dispersed. Ellen settled her mother for her after-dinner rest on the sofa in the drawing-room and then hurried off with Connor to make a late call at the house opposite and talk over the arrangements for the journey with Lesbia. Mr. Daly, after finishing his newspaper and his bottle of claret, turned out for his evening stroll up and down the parade with his cigar. He was seldom out long before one or another of his numerous chance acquaintances joined him; but it was somewhat of a surprise to him when Pelham slipped his hand under his arm and volunteered to accompany him in his walk. The attention pleased Mr. Daly a good deal, and even flattered him. Pelham was habitually so reserved, that any advance towards intimacy from him was apt to be received as a mark of favour, especially by his father, who often wearied himself in vain attempts to win the same open-hearted confidence from his eldest son that the younger children gave him spontaneously. Mr. Daly took as much pains to be an agreeable companion that evening as ever courtier did while seeking to worm himself into the favour of a great man. He gave up his favourite lounge on the parade, where he was sure of plenty of admiring companionship, and humoured his son's love of quiet by choosing the most solitary part of the beach for their walk. He talked confidentially of future plans; he told his very best stories of the stirring times of his youth; he chose subject after subject, sending anxious glances into his com-

panion's face to discover what most roused and interested him; but these affectionate wiles were quite thrown away upon Pelham. It was not the custom at Pelham Court for members of one family to spend themselves greatly in conversation with each other. It was thought a mere waste of energy there to be amusing and agreeable to people whom you were in the habit of seeing every day. To find his father so witty and entertaining only puzzled Pelham, and caused him to shrink further and further into his shell, feeling himself aggrieved as one unjustly accused of being "company."

"Can the lad have any folly on his conscience that he wants to confide in me?" Mr. Daly thought when, in spite of all his efforts, the conversation came to a standstill. "Connor makes his confessions within the first half hour of his coming home, but it may be the way of this one to keep it all in till the last evening. What can I say to help him? but stay, it is coming."

"Father," Pelham began, hesitatingly, "I have been thinking——"

"That's right, my boy; tell me everything that troubles you—don't let there be any secrets between us. That's all I ask of either Connor or you. You will always find me your best friend if you are only open with me."

"Open with you! Secrets!" cried Pelham, startled and affronted. "I don't know what you mean. I have no secrets."

"Ah well, finish what you were going to say, however."

"I was only going to say that as I am not absolutely obliged to get back to Oxford for another month, I thought it might be as well for me to travel back to Ireland with you, and spend a fortnight or so at Castle Daly."

Mr. Daly's face brightened, and he gave the hand that rested on his arm an affectionate squeeze against his side.

"Thank you, Pelham. I understand your motive well. It's for your mother's sake you think of this; and you are right—it will make the trial of going back there easier to her if she has you

with her, for she clings to you beyond us all. I know it's a sacrifice on your part, and I thank you for making it. Even if the loss of time should make a difference in your degree, you'll not regret what you did for her sake."

Why could not he look a little pleasant in response to these cordial thanks, Mr. Daly wondered? What could his absolute silence and the deep flush that overspread his face signify? It was a little hard to have all his efforts at cordiality so persistently thrust aside.

Pelham was longing to speak. He had never felt so ashamed of himself, so like an impostor in his life, as he did while his father thanked him and pressed his arm. He who indulged habitually in such scorn of Connor's and Ellen's little flatteries and polite insincerities, he to be afraid of explaining the true motive of his conduct, and silently accept undeserved praise! It was that appeal to his confidence that had kept him silent. With a person who could not receive a simple remark without imagining it the beginning of a confession, how could he attempt to explain the very peculiar circumstances that caused him to feel the duty of protecting Lesbia Maynard from Connor's impertinences more important than any other consideration? Pelham put this question to himself, and pondered silently during the rest of the walk home on the annoyance of being made to feel like a hypocrite: and through all the years of his after life he was never able to hear the swish of waves falling on a stony shore without being brought back by memory to those silent minutes, and wondering what there was in the world he would not now give to regain the power, neglected then, of breaking the monotonous sound by a word spoken cordially to an ear that waited for it.

CHAPTER XV.

"If one must worry, it is at least an advantage to have a change of anxieties; and the uncertainties of the post here

do me the service of keeping me in a state of expectation about something else than your return home," Bride Thornley remarked to her brother as she met him at the garden gate one soft October day about a week after Anne O'Flaherty's visit. "Here's another day gone, and still no letters from Lesbia or the Maynards. What can it mean?"

"It means that Mikey Casey has overturned the post-car as he was racing down the hill into Ballyowen, and has broken two of his own ribs and the car's back, all of which will take some mending to restore them even to their original crazy condition."

"I hope it was not till after he had posted our letters to Lesbia."

"That's all you think of, you strong-minded woman. It was three days ago."

"Well, I really can't feel very compassionate over Mikey Casey and the car—the catastrophe has been due so long. By the way he drives he ought to break his ribs every day; and I have always been wondering why he did not. But, having heard this, had you the sense to drive round by Ballyowen and inquire for letters?"

"I had the sense."

"Well?"

"Well, Father Peter is holding a station at Saint Patrick's well; the man at the shop where the post-office is has gone to his duty; and the woman and boy can neither speak English nor read writing. Popular people go in and turn the letters over for themselves, and take what they like; but I am not to be trusted. I think I could have come over the old woman with half-a-crown to let me have my turn at the rummage, if Peter Lynch, who was sitting inside the office calmly picking his mistress' letters from a heap, had not said something in Irish that strengthened her virtue to resist temptation."

"You had to go away empty-handed?"

"Yes, and with a conviction amounting to certainty that a packet of letters, which I espied on a shelf, stuck between a treacle jar and a bundle of candles, had our names upon them. I could

not collar Peter Lynch, jump over the counter and seize them, could I?"

"I don't mind waiting, if the letters are there. I was beginning to fear the child might be ill, or something wrong with her. John, I don't think I shall be easy now till we have her with us."

"If you were not Bride I should ask why the company of a sister who is a great heiress is more desirable than that of one who has nothing?"

"And if you were not John I should hate you for having such a detestable thought. You ought to have admired my perfect reasonableness in having kept down my longing for the child when I could not have her company. Let us take another turn on the terrace while we discuss plans for bringing her here. I can allow that this place is beautiful now I see a fair prospect of getting away from it."

"I shall not go till I have brought affairs here into proper training, and can resign with credit to myself. Please to attach some importance to my career; don't efface me all at once into Miss Lesbia Maynard's guardian."

"Trust me for standing up for your dignity and your career when I once have you safe out of this nest of enemies. I wish I could cure myself of always feeling here as if every word we said to each other was overheard and liable to be twisted to your injury. I wonder where that red-cloaked old woman whose head I see bobbing up behind the wall sprang from? I did not see her when we turned last."

"I saw her hobbling down the road half-an-hour ago. I suspect she is one of your beggars—whom, contrary to all principle, you weakly allow to haunt the house still."

"As far as that one is concerned I can't help myself, for I can't get rid of her. I see who it is now—old Molly Malachy, the plague of my life. One day when I was gardening by this gate, and she had just left the house with a basketful of broken meat, Miss O'Flaherty passed, and I overheard a conversation between the two. Miss O'Flaherty reproached her with her meanness

in begging from *us*, and she excused herself on the plea of fleecing the Egyptians."

"I think that was rather good. Go and see what she wants and send her off."

"Send her off yourself, if you think it's so easy. I wonder what is the least sum she will consent to take from you before she stirs from the gate."

"You imagine that I shall be weak enough to give her anything?"

"We shall see."

John walked down to the garden gate, and Bride strolled on towards Mrs. Daly's flower-borders, the only part of the pleasure-grounds still kept in tolerable order, and chiefly by her hands. The light of the clear September day was dying in the west. The sharp outlines of the grey Marm Turk hills began to melt into the purpling sky, the trees in the plantation behind the house to group themselves into masses of shadow; the opal colours of sunset had faded from the lake, leaving it a pale sheet of shimmering silver, with fantastic mist-wreaths brooding and gathering on its further shore. A scent of falling leaves and strong-smelling autumn flowers filled the still heavy air. Bride snuffed it up with a sense of satisfaction. Autumnal scenes and evening hours had a special attraction for her. She never found them sad, as other people professed to do; they soothed and even exhilarated her spirits, speaking to her heart in tones she understood with the voices of friends. She had walked through shadows and frosts too long not to be on handshaking terms with them; and it was easier to her to find pleasure in the promise of the future, the hidden hope, the little hints of the new day and the distant summer that evening and autumn whisper of, than in the full beauty of sunshine and flowers that seemed to mock the pale tints in which her own life's history was painted. She paused to gather a handful of autumn violets, and to listen to the deep stillness of the evening. Now and then a strong tone of John's voice

reached her, or a shrill whining exclamation from Molly Malachy. She looked back, and smiled to see that they were talking still, John actually leaning over the gate in an attitude of listening—and—yes—there was a withered, skinny, brown hand on his arm. Well Bride knew he was not the man to shake it off. What a triumph over him she would have! Yet she wished the colloquy over, for she was losing the opportunity of talking to him on the subject next her heart. She turned her face again towards the white road, that winding up and down hill into the far distance looked so promising, as if it must some day or other bring something new even into her life. Mechanically her eyes rested on a black spot, appearing just on the verge of sight—Peter Lynch, no doubt, in the three-wheeled car, returning to Ballyowen with his mistress' letters. She traced it into a distinct shape, till a vague feeling of interest and expectation crept over her. A click of the gate and John's footsteps close behind roused her, and she turned quickly.

"Come, now, confess. How much? five shillings? Not less than half-a-crown, I'm very certain."

"Not a halfpenny."

"John, you're putting me off with some disgraceful subterfuge. Why, I saw her hand on your arm, and she is turning even now for another curtesy and 'God save you!' I'm afraid it is something serious. Have you promised her the reversion of my entire wardrobe? or is she to have one of the new slated cottages on the Ballyowen road? What have you given away?"

"Nothing, I protest again: or, to be very exact, about three hours of my own time. I should not like it to get talked about; but I did not see my way to refuse."

"Explain, please."

"It seems that a certain ruffian, commonly called 'Hill Dennis,' is that old crone's son."

"I know that well enough; you turned him out of his holding."

"For very good reasons. He was a

thoroughly lawless fellow, a hatcher of mischief. I felt I should never make any way till he was got rid of."

"And for an old woman's tears you have consented to take him back; now I should have got rid of her with sixpence, and you would have sneered at me."

"I tell you I have not consented to anything but to see the man. He has come back to his mother's cabin in an abject state, half-starved and very miserable by her account; and he is willing to give me some information respecting outrages he was concerned in before he went away, that may be very important and useful."

"To turn informer, as they say here. John, I would not have anything to do with him."

"I don't half like it, but living as I do in a network of plots, I must not neglect any chance that offers of learning to distinguish friend from foe, and knowing what to be at. This struggling in the dark with skulking enemies grows too discouraging."

"And is this Dennis to come here?"

"What an innocent question! How much do you suppose the fellow's life would be worth, if it were known he was in communication with me? I have promised to meet him in his old cabin, on the edge of the bog below Lac-y-Core. The place is quite deserted, and gone to ruin. The cabin had to be unroofed a year ago, and no one has ever ventured to live in it since he was turned out."

"I shall go with you."

"To protect your brother against a skulking, half-starved vagabond; a fine opinion you have of his pluck, madam."

"How do you know that he may not bring half-a-dozen others with him?"

"To tell you the truth, it will not be the first interview. I have seen the fellow before, and he has committed himself too far already to dare to put himself into communication with any of his former comrades. If you had seen him when he stopped me on the road one night last week, and tried to make me listen to him, shaking at every

breath of wind, and terrified at his own shadow, you would have——"

"Pitied the wretch from the bottom of my heart."

"Ay, and the country that produces the breed; secret conspirators of dark crimes who can't even be true to each other."

The ring of scorn in the voice touched Bride a little painfully; she drew a deep breath.

"Thank God, we need not stay much longer in it. I doubt whether it is doing either of us good to be here. It hardens one's heart to live among people one does not like."

They had walked to the end of the terrace furthest from the road, and now turned again.

The moving speck Bride had been watching was full in sight by this time, and had resolved itself into an outside car, piled high with luggage, and containing three persons.

"Visitors to Miss O'Flaherty, no doubt," observed Bride; "two ladies and a gentleman; country-people of her own, I should say, and young, to judge by the wild way in which they are letting themselves be raced down the hill. See, they are actually standing up on the seat to get a view of the house. They'll be over into the lake in a minute. What an Irish turn-out, to be sure."

The car was now passing the little irregular street of cabins that skirted the lake side, close to the Castle. A man leaning against his doorpost caught sight of its occupants, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry, seized the back of the carriage and allowed himself to be dragged on with it, shouting and screaming as he went. In an instant the village street was thronged, and the progress of the car effectually arrested by a little crowd of men, women, and children, who threw themselves in the way. A dozen hands seized the horses' heads, while gaunt forms pressed round, clutching wildly at the wheels and body of the vehicle, and thrusting excited faces into close proximity with those of the travellers on the car.

The sound of voices raised high—whether in joy or sorrow it was impossible to say—made a sudden break in the stillness of the evening.

"I must inquire what is going on down there," John exclaimed, when they had looked on for a minute and saw no abatement in the excitement. Bride followed at a little distance, thankful that the sound of tumult had not reached them after they had entered the house, when she would certainly have been ordered to sit still and wait in suspense till all was over.

She had reached the outskirts of the crowd before she could learn anything. Then she perceived that the centre of attraction towards which all the gesticulating hands were outstretched, all the eager faces turned, was the tall, slim figure of a girl standing up in the car, and holding down her hands, which at least a dozen old crones had seized to cover them with kisses. Her back was turned towards Bride, who could only fairly see the sloping shoulders towering above the crowd, and a bonnetless head incircled with masses of yellow hair, which made it show as if a faint light played round it.

A vague recollection rose in Bride's mind of an allegorical picture she had once seen, where an aureoled figure of Peace, or Plenty, or Love—she could not remember which—stood on a triumphal car, and showered down blessings on a world that had been perishing in her absence.

Was it a bit of grammarie that had come over with those mist-wreaths from the lake? or what had brought such an old-world scene from a Queen Elizabeth's progress into dirty, tumble-down Daly's Corner, as the village called itself?

There was a movement in the crowd, evidently following some request made by the goddess on the car; the people pressed together, leaving a clear path for some one who was being carefully lifted down; then a figure emerged from the throng—a girlish figure—at the sight of which Bride's heart gave one great bound. A second more and soft arms were round her neck, and a voice that

was like an echo from a far-off time was murmuring in her ear—

"Bride, Bride! I am Lesbia. I am your own little sister Babette come home to you. Do say you know me. I knew you and John the instant I saw you coming from the house, and I could not wait to get at you an instant longer."

The confusion was over for Bride after that moment of intense joy: it all resolved itself into Lesbia's happy homecoming, and she had little attention to give to anything else that went on round her. John made his way up to the car, and a few minutes later walked back to the Castle, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, who introduced themselves to Bride—for Lesbia turned shy after her first impulsive greeting—as Ellen and Connor Daly.

A few words of explanation made all clear. Mr. and Mrs. Daly had hoped to find a carriage from the Castle waiting at Ballyowen to convey them home, but finding that they were not expected they had determined to stay the night at the hotel in the town, while Connor, Ellen, and Lesbia proceeded in the only conveyance that could be procured to carry the news of their return to the house, and order preparations to be made for their arrival the next morning.

All was confusion and bustle in and about the place for the rest of the evening; but Bride was not in a mood to find fault. Holding Lesbia's hand in hers, and refreshing herself every now and then with a look into her face, she could enjoy the odd little traits of character that the excitement brought out with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day.

She listened with less contempt than might have been expected to an eloquent harangue delivered by Connor from the doorstep to the crowd that followed him to the house; and hardly noticed the impatient shrugs of the shoulders with which John heard his wild promises of help and protection to every one in the better times which, in spite of the scarcity, he asserted were sure to come

back now his father was returned to live among them.

The shouts of welcome, the fervent "God save you's," the sight of all those haggard, hungry faces transfigured with joy and hope, touched her heart, in which a new joy and hope for her own life had sprung up. She did not like to believe just then that the millennium of good will and good fortune which the young orator's lips pictured so glibly had no reality to rest upon, and was nothing but words. She did not even permit herself to feel provoked by Ellen's surprise when she was told that the resources of the Castle Daly larder were at present insufficient to supplement Connor's airy promises by affording a substantial meal to all the vociferous applauders of his oratory; and she hardly showed any incredulity or annoyance at the assertions reiterated by all the bystanders that "there always used to be plenty—the bit and the sup were never wanting in the old times on similar occasions, and were never missed by those who had the heart to give them."

Her temper had a further trial when the increasing darkness drove them all into the house. Bride was by habit and instinct an exact, careful house-manager, and during the three years she had lived at Castle Daly she had grown to have a certain sense of proprietorship in the place. To find herself suddenly deposed was a little trying, and there was, for a careful house-mistress, considerable mortification in witnessing the joyful alacrity with which the servants she had trained flew in the face of all her instructions at the very first opportunity, in favour of old habits.

"Shure and won't I lay the table for supper this evening as Mr. Connor likes to see it—wid plenty in all the dishes haped up, and the praties in their jackets, and the big punch-bowl in the middle, wid lashings of whisky, and things handy, as they should be."

"Hurry and do it, thin, Katey avoorneen; there's no one to hinder you now. Meself's flying up stairs to snatch off the dabs of white dimity covers and the bits of chintz hangings and curtains that she put up for nateness and clean-

liness, she said, and that hide away the ould crimson and yellow and blue furniture that may be a trifle frayed and dirty, but that'll have the rale kindly home look to Miss Eileen's eyes."

Ellen herself was too full of the pleasure of being at home again, and too eager to revisit favourite haunts and hunt out old treasures, to perceive that her raptures might give offence. She and Connor hurried from room to room lamenting over changes and recognizing old ink-stains on carpets and deplorable bumps and dints in walls and furniture with inexplicable outcries of delight and laughter; while Lesbia vacillated between clinging to Bride and listening in absorbed interest to Connor's stories of the childish exploits to which these dilapidations were due.

The most comfortable part of the evening for Bride was after the travellers had retired to their rooms, when she went back into the library and found her brother pacing up and down between the windows with an excited expression on his face that told of not being ready for rest for a long time yet. She slipped her hand under his arm and paced with him. It was a habit of theirs which, since the two had shared responsibilities together, almost invariably ended every anxious or unusually pleasurable day.

"She is a great deal prettier than we expected, is she not, John?" Bride began, after a meditative turn or two.

"I don't know that I expected anything. I had not thought of it; but she is certainly very beautiful: 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair.'"

"My dear John! tall! fair! Why she is shorter than I am, and has one of those clear brown skins with rich glows underneath that I think so much more beautiful than mere pink and white."

"Ah, yes, Lesbia has; but when you began to talk of some one being very pretty; I naturally thought you meant the other young lady."

"You think Miss Daly prettier than our Lesbia."

"I can't help having eyes."

"But, John, she is a lady certainly—one recognises that through all the over-eagerness and want of calm of manner: but how she did talk and laugh and race about this evening, and how untidily her hair kept falling over her shoulders. I must say I prefer more dignity and reticence in a young lady, don't you?"

"That depends. There's nothing in her to be reticent about. Pure, transparent unconsciousness is hedged round with something quite beyond dignity."

"You are getting quite beyond me. I don't understand you in the least. I must say I thought little Lesbia's sweet, shy manner and gentle little ways a thousand times more bewitching."

"Bewitching; yes. That's the right word for Lesbia. I am ready to allow that she is the most dangerous little lady of the two, if that is what you want me to say. I suppose it is the *little* ways that bewitch. That other manner has too much clear sunshine about it for the working of spells. It makes one feel small, somehow. One's own ridiculous, self-conscious dignity looks a wretched pedestal to be perched upon in the face of such gracious frankness; and yet one is too awkward to get down."

"You seem to have seen a great deal more than I did; I was quite taken up with Babette."

"And you are disgusted with me for not being equally absorbed?"

"Babette's coming home is the great event of the day to us, you must allow. The Dalys are nothing to us, or will be nothing soon."

"Nothing whatever, so we can afford to form candid opinions about them."

"And your opinion really is that Miss Daly is handsomer than Lesbia?"

"Incomparably handsomer. I won't be bullied out of my sober judgment a jot; but what then? Lac-y-Core is a great deal better to look at than the sloping field before our old house at Abbot's Thornley: but I had far rather live in sight of the field than of the mountain for the rest of my life."

"Allow at least before I leave you that Miss Daly's hair was very untidy,

and that you would not like to see Lesbia's in the same condition."

"No; I won't yield to feminine pertinacity so far as to allow that. All I saw was that something which I fancied at first was a Will-o'-the-wisp light playing round her head had melted suddenly to streaks of sunbeams."

"If you have taken to metaphors I give you up for the night. You are a lost man."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the afternoon of the second day after the arrival, and there was at last a little lull in and about the house. Anne O'Flaherty, with Peter Lynch and Murdoch Malachy in her train, had come and gone. The crowd of men with ragged frieze coats tied by the sleeves round their shoulders, and thorn sticks in their hands, that had besieged the door since early morning, had thinned now to two or three still patiently waiting for their turn for a private word "wid his honour." The women who had hung about the gate or squatted by the roadside all day for a chance of a glimpse of Miss Eileen, were dispersing to their mountain cabins, to blow up the peat fire, and put on the big potato pot, with its this year's scanty portion of bad potatoes, against their husbands came in to supper. John Thornley was sitting at his desk in his own room looking at a pile of finished letters, and listening till the cessation of voices in the library below should show him that the opportunity he was expecting had arrived for finding Mr. Daly alone and making a communication to him that he too had in store. As he leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed absently on the opposite wall, his lips moved as if framing words; and gleams of expression, earnest, satisfied, amused, crossed his face from time to time. An observer would have divined that he was going over the expected interview in imagination, and laying out sentences and arguments that would not be spoken without satisfaction to himself. If Mr. Daly, taking the management of his affairs back into his own

hands, chose to resume the old, ruinous, haphazard courses, it should at least not be for want of plain showing of their folly and iniquity from John Thornley. From the room next his, Bride was issuing, bonneted and shawled, with a purpose of taking a turn up and down the flower-borders with Mrs. Daly. She, too, had some words of interest to insinuate between the remarks about the autumn flowers that would begin the conversation, but there was no need for her to think her sentences out beforehand. It would be difficult enough without that to keep them from tripping off her tongue before the seasonable moment arrived. Good fortune, like ill, seldom comes in single file, but in whole battalions; and that morning had brought a letter to John that had given Bride far deeper pleasure than the news of Lesbia's fortune. It was from a noted literary man for whom John had for years occasionally worked, offering him the editorship of an important literary journal, on such terms as would fully justify him in abandoning other occupations to follow the line to which his inclination pointed, and in which his sister's ambition saw a bright career opening before him.

"It is safe to give a shove up to a man who is no longer needy," John had said, as he handed the letter to his sister, carefully guarding face and voice from any touch of triumph. But the sneer did not deceive Bride; she could divine easily enough the thrill of mingled pride and gratitude it was meant to cover.

As she emerged by Mrs. Daly's side into the clear October sunshine, it crossed her mind that she should not have believed, if any one had prophesied it to her, that anything so triumphant as this task of conveying to Mrs. Daly, in an unconcerned tone, the necessity that had arisen for John's resignation of the agency, coupled with a passing allusion to Lesbia's heiress-ship, would ever have occurred in her life.

Meantime Lesbia, who had spent the greater part of the day shut up with her brother and sister, and who was, to tell the truth, a little wearied and over-awed by the amount of good

sense and the reasonable plans she had had to listen to, ran lightly up stairs to seek for gayer companions in the old schoolroom, of which Connor and Ellen had made her free on the first evening of her arrival. Her face fell a little when she opened the door and found it almost empty, no one appearing but Ellen, who was seated on the floor in the window recess, with her hands clasped round her knees, looking dreamily out towards the mountains. She turned her head as the door opened, and burst out laughing at Lesbia's little start of dismay.

"Yes, they have gone out; you are late," she said. "They hung about disgusted at your non-appearance till they had worked themselves up to such a pitch of crossness that I was obliged to hunt them away."

"They?"

"The boys, of course. Men are always 'they,' you know, and we women only 'you and I.'"

"How comfortable," cried Lesbia, recovering herself. "I have so much to say to you; it will be quite a treat for you and me to have an hour's talk alone."

"Do you think so?" said Ellen, absently turning her face to the window again.

"Oh, if you don't want me I can go away."

Ellen answered by taking Lesbia's hands and drawing her down to a seat on a dilapidated child's straw chair that occupied a corner of the window recess.

"There, you are enthroned," she cried. "I don't know why, but when we were children, Connor and I used to consider that crazy straw chair the most desirable seat in the whole house. We had a fiction that it imparted magical powers of some sort, and how we used to quarrel for the possession of it! Connor calls it the tripod—it has only three legs left, you see—and grows dangerously inspired when he sits on it still. Try what it will do for you."

"But if you had rather be alone—if you don't want me——"

"I want you, but I am not in a talking mood. Connor and I are bo-

constrictors about talk; we take great meals of talking, and then we are silent for a long while. I was in the talking stage of joy last night; now I have come to the feeling time. I just want to sit here and watch that lilac shadow eat up the patch of sunshine on the hill beyond the lake, and feel how happy I am. If I talk I shall lose some of the sights out there."

"Well, I can be silent too. I am sure I have plenty to think about, and much more important things than how a shadow is moving."

Lesbia did not find the tripod a seat favourable to serious meditation, as it required nice skill in balancing to keep it upright. Her eyes soon left the landscape outside to stray round the room, and take an astonished inventory of the furniture. She had been used to look up to the Dalys as rather grand people, and to listen to Connor's descriptions of Castle Daly with profound respect; but really the old little garret-room at Whitecliffe that she had shared with Bobbie and Wattie, and despised so, was in many respects a better place than this favourite room of Ellen Daly's. There were here and there a few signs of past grandeur, to be sure. That old arm-chair on which her eyes rested, with torn strips of faded blue velvet hanging from the seat, and remnants of gilding on its dented framework, might have figured in some stately drawing-room a hundred years or so ago. Lesbia thrust her hands down into her pocket to feel for her thimble and housewife with a notable instinct to set about sewing up the rents; the velvet need not hang in strips, however faded it was. Then a thought struck her, and she drew her hand out again. It would be as easy, nay, easier to her now, to buy new furniture as to mend the old. John had been talking to her that morning, explaining her new position, and the subtle sense of possession had stolen into her mind. It was very pleasant, this new idea of power and consequence that had dawned on her. She fairly turned her back on the landscape now, and shaded her eyes with her hand, intent on pictures of another kind that

rose up. What a change a little of her money—say one thousand out of her hundred thousands—would make in this house! She began to see the place under a new aspect, not exactly settling in her thoughts who were to be the inhabitants of the renovated, stately rooms, but always seeing herself moving about with dignity among a throng of guests, and Ellen Daly looking on from a certain distance, and feeling a kind of astonishment at the change. Other figures glided in and out among the throng, but she would not quite look at them or decide why they were there. She was just conscious of some other presence besides the gay furniture that lent a halo to the scene, but it was something undefined, a long way off from any possibility of being put into words. The minutes slipped on unheeded by the two dreamers in such separate worlds. Ellen was the first to break silence.

"There, it has gone. I have seen the sun set behind Lac-y-Core again. I saw him climb up out of the lake this morning, so I ought to be satisfied; but have I made the most of the day?"

"Bride says that you have been racing about like a mad creature ever since it was light," said Lesbia, a little maliciously.

"With all that I have not seen all the shapes that Lac-y-Core has taken since sunrise against the sky; and there have been dozens of changes of colour on the side of the ravine that I have not caught, and that may never come again, for no two days are alike here."

"I don't understand caring so very much for things outside the house," said Lesbia. "I am not sure that it is quite right; at least, I know Aunt Maynard thinks it silly."

"My dear Lesbia!"

"Yes, you are surprised to hear me quoting her. I am surprised myself, for I don't forget how tiresome I used to think her sayings a week ago. However, things and people look different when one has left them behind, and when one's own circumstances are changed. Ellen, just look down into the flower-garden. Your mother and Bride are still pacing up and down the

broad walk, and Bride is telling your mother about me."

"About you?"

"Why, Ellen, you surely have not forgotten already what I told you at Whitecliffe about my fortune!"

"I am afraid I have been very unsympathizing, but you told me not to speak of it again, and I waited to hear how it was to be—what your brother and sister agreed to do about it."

"About dividing it, do you mean? Ellen, if you knew more of John and Bride you would feel how difficult it would be for me to propose such a plan to them. They don't care for money, but they don't look upon a great fortune as if it were something one could settle what to do with all in a minute. If I had spoken of giving it up to John he would have called me unpractical, and I should have felt I was annoying him."

"Your own brother?"

"But I have not lived with my brother since I was a child; and he is so much older than I am."

"You may well say so much older. He strikes me as wonderfully old, that brother of yours, Babette."

"Indeed, no; I beg your pardon: he is under thirty."

"What does it matter what people call themselves? That's a stupid way of reckoning age, when some people can crowd years and years of living into a day or two. That is what has happened to your brother and sister."

"How do you know?"

"By looking."

"I am afraid you don't like them, then; and yet I thought you seemed very much pleased when John mentioned his having stood at the top of a hill looking down into Miss O'Flaherty's valley so long one day that he quite forgot the business that had brought him there."

"I was very much surprised, just as one is when one picks up a bit of a dead branch, and finds that there are buds upon it; and that it is not so dead as it looks."

"John is not a bit graver or older-looking than a man of his age ought to be."

"Well, he is an Englishman, and why should not he be old and grave if he likes? I'll not hinder him of his pleasure in it, you may be sure. There! he and papa have come out of the house together, their business talk over at last, I hope. Oh, what a mighty stretch and yawn! Papa has thrown off every grain of trouble and care with that, and means to enjoy the evening; but look, your brother puts his hand on his arm and begins talking again; he is urging papa to do something or other he does not wish to do, and if there were twenty silver moons beginning to show in the sky instead of that one, he would go on at it all the same without even seeing them. I shall run down to the rescue. I won't have papa defrauded of his evening walk for any Englishman's pertinacity."

Ellen found it an easier task than she had expected to carry her point. She had many a time done battle with Mr. O'Roone for her father's company, and looked for a sufficiently long opposition to give her a pleasant sense of victory.

Mr. Thornley was a different sort of antagonist, however, from those she had been used to engage, and apparently did not think it worth while to waste words on her. He moved aside to let her take her father's arm when she came out on the terrace; but answered her merry appeal to him to give up this particular hour of her father's time with a silent bow only. Ellen, glancing up into his face in wonder at such a remarkable talent for silence, saw an expression of vexation and worry there that surprised her. How odd it was that this stranger should be so much more interested in her father's affairs than he was himself. She knew it must be some concerns of her father's that brought the look of care on his face, for she had learned from Lesbia what cause he had that day to be happy about his own good fortune. Well, if people could be miserable among mountains and lakes on a clear autumn evening, with the hunter's moon at full beginning to show in the sky, let them; only they must not be allowed to spoil the

happiness of those for whom such things were joy enough. The most vexatious affairs will keep till daylight.

"Mr. Thornley," she said, gaily, "you shall not grudge my father and me this one hour together on our first day at home."

No direct answer. Mr. Thornley's eyes were fixed on Mr. Daly's face. "You must excuse me one moment longer," he said. "I am very much in earnest in this matter. I particularly wish to keep my appointment with this Dennis Malachy myself, and alone. It may be all a trick, as you say; but my own impression is different. I think something of importance will come out, and I should prefer to keep the appointment myself."

"Be easy, be easy; I have taken it on myself, and I should prefer that just for this once you should trust to my understanding of the people I have known since they were boys being sounder than your own." Then, as Mr. Thornley hesitated and seemed about to speak again, Mr. Daly added, with one of the keen looks of authority that came now and then into his gay blue eyes, "The omission to keep your appointment with Dennis Malachy need scarcely trouble you, since you are leaving us all so soon."

It was almost equivalent to reminding him that his authority and interest in the affairs of the place were over, and that further persistence would be an interference. A slight colour rose in Mr. Thornley's cheeks, and Ellen was sorry for him. He was quicker to feel things, this wonderfully old young man, than one would have supposed.

"You must let papa have his own way this once, Mr. Thornley, please," she said, kindly. "He is in my charge now. I shall make him tell me what he is going to do, and if it is anything wrong I'll scold him. I can do it a great deal better than you, now can I not, papa?"

It was impossible for gravity itself not to relax under the influence of Ellen's bright cordiality. John Thornley walked down to the gate with them, chatting pleasantly, and then turned

back towards the house. Ellen gave a bound of joy when he was gone, and clasped her hands tight round her father's arm.

"Now I have you all to myself, here at last. Oh what joy! Does not everything look natural, as if we had never been away. Look, papa! there's Billy Tully's boat with the hole in the bottom in its old place under the hollow rock, where it was put to be mended years ago; and the coping stones that fell from the garden wall in the great storm are in their old places on the ground, only a little more moss-covered; and though that tree has grown higher, I can still catch a glimpse through it of the red gable of Matthew Burke's farmhouse's roof, that he began to cover with tiles and never finished. I feel as if I should like to run about to all the things and kiss them for having stood still in their places and not altered a shade since we left them. Is there any one in the world I wonder happier than I am this minute?"

"You love it all, then, you true Irish-woman—ruin and all. 'Let alone' is good enough for you, Eileen Bawn, eh?"

"Yes, if it makes people happy; and how happy they are to see you among them again!"

"They don't go in for improvements."

"Mr. Thornley has been making improvements—the wretch!"

"He has been trying hard, and flatters himself that by dint of hard pushing and pulling and dragging he has put a little motion into the old machine—given it a start along the road of progress; but now you see King Log has come back again, the frogs will have a little peace, and escape crushing at all events."

"We did very well as we were, I think. I suppose we might be richer, and the cabins and farms, and the Castle too for that matter, might be in better order, and the people cleaner and more industrious and better off; but then, if we were, how discontented and miserable we should all be."

"I wish John Thornley were here to hear you, and sneer at your Irish logic

—discontented and miserable because we were better off!"

"Papa, I meant it—it was not a bull; it is what I have observed. Once begin to worry about things going well and being in good order, and there is no end."

"True as the O'Flaherty witch herself could put it, my yellow-haired queen. Whereas, you see, to old boats, and half-roofed farmhouses, and copeless walls, and King Logs in the water, there is an end. Bit by bit we rot and crumble away, till there is nothing left of us. Are you prepared to face that position of things, you hater of improvements?"

"I don't truly mean that I hate anything but being kept away from you. Papa, I'll tell you a secret. It is great joy to get back to this place. You know what every stone of it is to one's heart, but it's the seeing you back here that I really care for. I never felt I had you all the time we were in England. I don't think it was you that lived in the doleful little houses with us there; but now, by our own lake-side, I have you fast, and you won't shut your heart against me any more, or let there be any little corner full of troubles in your mind that I may not creep into to smooth them and fold them away, so that you will hardly know they are there. You always promised that when I grew up we would enter into partnership, and now that you are well rid of Mr. Thornley I mean to take his place."

"So you shall, my darling, and we'll make the best of it, as things stand; but if I were well out of the way, remember there's no one would be such a good friend or adviser for Pelham as this young Thornley. I am glad he has been here and learned so much; his help and advice might be useful again to Pelham when the time comes that he has to manage for himself and I am well out of the way."

"Papa, do you hear me? You are not to talk of being well out of the way

when I am telling you that the only thing I care for on earth is to see you in it. Don't you think you and I together will be worth more than Pelham and Mr. Thornley? If we asked all the people around to choose, would not they shout out for us?"

"For King and Queen Log!—not a doubt of it. But then you see there is the rotting process to come afterwards."

"We are not going to rot. We will have our little improvements, and our plans too. My first is that we shall go on living precisely as we did before, only that in every way we shall be a little happier and a little better, and that never, never again shall you say sad words, or talk of being out of the way, when you and I are walking together in the moonlight, and I have your dear arm fast between my two hands."

"At least I promise never again to say anything to vex you, Eileen aroon. Now we have come to the steep bit of the hill, and it is time for you to run back to the house. Connor is bringing my horse after me. I had better mount here, for I have a longish ride before me."

"You have not told me yet where you are going."

"I shall not come back to dinner. When I have finished my business I shall ride on to the Hollow, and stay the night with Anne O'Flaherty."

"How I wish you would take me with you! Good-bye. We must have a walk by the lake every night while this moon is full."

Ellen turned at the gate to wave her hand towards the tall figure on horseback standing sentinel on the white road till she should have entered the house.

"How handsome he looks on his own horse!" she said to herself. "Every one will know who it is, even in the moonlight, and there will be glad hearts in the cabins as he passes, and welcoming faces peeping out. I wish I could follow with my eyes, and see him all the way to the Hollow."

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

It was in honour of the first movements of grace and power in the Christian art of painting that Florence one day sent out a concourse of "all her men and all her ladies," in Vasari's phrase, "with the utmost rejoicing and all the pushing in the world," to see Cimabue at work upon his picture of Our Lady in a certain garden by St. Peter's Gate. A few generations more, and Christian art had gone from strength to strength, to droop suddenly at its strongest, and thenceforward to linger on through many weary phases of decline; but never yet to perish altogether. The death-trance has lain heavy upon it, but once and again it has shaken itself into some mode or another of vitality. Between Cimabue's Florence and our busy environments of to-day there is little likeness; but one way of realising that the times have not wholly lost their identity, is to see how some of the old arts, the pride of those generations, survive in some of their old uses. We still have painters who spend their powers upon the old subjects, repeating what is consecrated or devising what shall be original within the Christian cycle; and we still have crowds who flock to gaze at their work. The fashion of the thing, indeed, is changed; the concourse of modern London, vaster than that of mediæval Florence, and month after month renewing itself, is made up of disenchanting people in sober silks or sombre broadcloth, too discreet for pushing and too indifferent for rejoicing. They throng in no festive troops to church or garden; they only turn quietly out of Bond Street; they wipe their feet and pay their shillings in the passage, and presently find their way into a room where some stand about and whisper, and others sit in rows or tiers as at the play, the better to surrender

themselves to the befitting impressions. The space where they sit and await their impressions is darkened; the light, gaslight or daylight according to the weather, is concentrated upon what they have come to see. It is M. Gustave Doré's colossal picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium*, filling one whole wall of the gallery where hang also his other religious pictures of the *Dream of Pilate's Wife*, the *Night of the Crucifixion*, the *Triumph of Christianity*; his pictures from the ancients and from Dante—the *Andromeda*, the *Paolo and Francesca*—and his scenic representations of Alpine landscape. Or else it is Mr. Holman Hunt's marvellous picture of the *Shadow of Death*, which hangs alone in the gallery prepared for it lower down the street on the other side.

In thus coupling the exhibitions of M. Gustave Doré and Mr. Holman Hunt, I desire not to be misunderstood. The purpose of these observations is to try and fix the place of Mr. Hunt's picture in modern art; and manifestly, whatever else we here find missing, it will not be the qualities of conscientiousness, of sincere and high-minded application. But of these qualities, the work of M. Doré exhibits the very opposite. Probably a more nefarious gallery of paintings never existed than that which has for its masterpiece the picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium*. M. Doré was once an ingenious designer of book illustrations; he had invention, a great sense of the grotesque, and of the picturesque not a little; until an exaggerated celebrity overtook him; he exhausted his talent, even in the field which was his own, with excessive production; and presently English capital attracted him into alien fields like those of Milton and the Bible; he made pretensions to

the sublime and beautiful, paraded them upon canvases acres square, and became a Michelangelo in the sight of the morning papers. Among his own countrymen, who may be called vain, but whose vanity does not blind them in these matters, he has lost credit. But the English sight-seer, with the most honest intentions in the world, is in such things so easily led astray! At this moment, poor lamb, if he would not positively support M. Doré as the equal of Michelangelo, he at least goes from M. Doré's gallery to Mr. Hunt's gallery, and is unaware of any essential opposition between the two. There is this excuse for him—that in each instance he has been attracted by similar inflammatory advertisements in the modern taste (and surely the "marvellous!" of the placards is to be regretted in the case of a self-respecting artist like Mr. Hunt)—that in each he encounters similar preparations, and is similarly favoured with an opportunity to subscribe for a proof print, and with a pamphlet collating the opinions of the press. In each, too, he finds himself before the representation of a subject connected with reverent associations in his mind. There the analogy ends; but the ordinary spectator is not sensible that it ends there. From each exhibition, as his language will commonly testify, he comes away with the same sincere, if indefinite, sense of edification. The reason is, that his sense of art is undeveloped. He does not possess, or has not cultivated, the organs to appreciate the qualities of a picture for himself, and with precision. His emotions in a gallery, if any really come to him, do not come from a discriminate and feeling perception of what is actually before him. They are the effect partly of anticipation—that is, in the modern world, of advertisement—and partly of the associations which a dim perception of what is before him arouses in his mind. This is true often of persons the least obtuse, and the most open to impressions in other kinds. We all like to look at works of art, just as we like to read in books; but there are a hundred

who can discriminate their literary for one who can discriminate his artistic impressions. With the artistic sense thus rare, no wonder if judgments are blind, if advertisements and our anticipations and the clamours of fashion confuse us. Were this not so, performances like those of M. Doré would have no success; and there would be no need to say a word about them. As it is, they have a great success; thousands of clergy and laity go and stand before them with bated breath. Then it becomes a duty to ask, what artifice or what effrontery is this, which can make acceptable to the most rudimentary senses, in connection with these impressive subjects, so lamentable a compound of degraded and artificial feeling, design false, pretentious, and theatrical, and colour abominable, with an unspeakably coarse and bad method of painting? I say that to denounce these and spare not, so long as they impose upon any, is a duty; which done, let us turn to work better worthy of attention.

Here no less we are followed by the sense of dubious and unsure judgments. The collated opinions of the press in regard of Mr. Hunt's *Shadow of Death* are not only respectful, they are complimentary; but they have an uncertain sound. "This very admirable work" (I quote the *Daily Telegraph*) "may widely divide opinion, and excite much comment and hot dispute." Now opinions and disputes are not the proper concomitants of art. The privilege of art in a ripe and natural state is to be attended with one mode or another of harmonious pleasure. That it should divide opinion, and excite hot dispute, is a sign of something the matter either with the art itself or with the medium in which it produces this effect. The matter might be no more than this, that the time was one of revolution, or of expansion, when a work which to one school was a source of harmonious pleasure was the aversion of a different school. But I cannot recognise in Mr. Hunt's work the challenge of any one school or group to any other. I see in

it the source of respectful interest to many—to some of honest enthusiasm, to others of no less honest distress, but hardly to any, I think, who take account of their sensations, the source of a harmonious pleasure. Thus it is nothing so much as a sign of the confusion of the times. To say this is no injustice to an individuality so powerful as Mr. Hunt, for that is just the most powerful individuality which represents its times with most energy and concentration. And this work does seem to me the very mark in the history of art, of an age, not of overt revolution or intelligent expansion, but of uncertain instincts and confused tendencies.

To explain and justify what I mean, I must go some way round. I must even ask the reader to take account of some of those conditions imposed upon painting by the stuff it works in, which are truisms in the telling, but which practically, in epochs of confusion, painting is prone to forget or evade. It behoves painting to remember the nature of its means, and to seek effects which they, and not any other art or method, are most proper for conveying to the mind. Now, there are many classes of effects which these means can convey to the mind but partially, or even quite improperly. One whole class of disabilities under which painting lies was discerned and defined by Lessing in the last century; and his definitions, new amid the inexact criticism of that age, have for posterity assumed the nature of truisms. The arts which hold up to the sight imitations of natural objects, said Lessing, the arts of sculpture and painting, have for their task to give a mock perpetuity—sculpture by imitation in the solid, painting by imitation on a plane—to a single combination of natural objects, a momentary position of things in space. Then let them choose well their moment; having only a single combination to speak their meaning by, let them represent or devise such a combination as shall speak it fully, plainly, and pleasurably. Since the grouping, the station of persons or objects at any

given moment, cannot but result from past causes, and point to coming issues, the moment for art to make its own will be one of which the significance as to what has passed and what is coming shall be at once condensed and intelligible. Painting or sculpture must hold up to sight such spectacle as the mind can both account for and repose upon; in other words, such a grouping and station of persons and objects as shall indicate pregnantly what has been last and what will be next, while it constitutes a natural halt between the two. If an art like painting or sculpture, forgetting this, selects a combination which does not explain itself, but is in the nature of a puzzle, the art then drives us in search of keys and explanations which its own resources cannot afford. If, again, the attitudes of the spectacle the art puts before us are essentially transitory and instantaneous, the mind frets to resolve them into their antecedents and consequences. In either case our faculties are thrown from their repose, and set asking questions which this particular kind of art is disabled from answering. To develop and unriddle puzzling combinations belongs to literature; to exhibit the antecedents and consequences of a transitory action also belongs either to literature, or else to arts which, like the drama, work naturally through consecutive and not through stationary impressions. Neither a spectacle which fails to explain itself, nor a moment of mere transition between before and after, is fit to take on the perpetuity of marble or colour; nay, says the critic, the artist in marble or colour who attempts to force perpetuity upon such things, attempts it at his peril; he confuses the arts and violates their boundaries; he moves you to repugnance and distress.

Now what is the combination devised by Mr. Hunt? What is the kind of moment he has selected to carry to our minds through sight that appeal which with so much earnestness he seeks to urge? Mr. Hunt, thinking earnestly about Christ and the probable circum-

stances of Christ's life before the baptism in Jordan, has thrown himself into a mood like that of the apocryphal gospels, a pseudo-Matthew or a pseudo-James, and lighted upon an incident which might, he thinks, have happened in the actual life of Christ, and which, supposing it to have happened, would have been charged with prophetic significance. The day's work, Mr. Hunt has said to himself, shall be over; the carpenter's son shall be in the act of standing up and stretching his limbs to rest himself, conscious of divinity the while, and uplifted in spirit. As he takes this attitude, the shadow of his trunk and arms, cast on the wall behind him by the sun which sets in front, shall form with his tool-rack the likeness of a figure on the cross. His mother, at the same moment, it is further imagined, sick at heart, and fain to re-assure herself with the tokens of a hope that seems too slow of fulfilment, shall kneel to look at the crown, the censor, and the scarf, gifts laid long ago by the Kings of the East before the cradle in Bethlehem. As she lifts the lid of the treasure-casket, her eye in search of consolation shall be caught by that shadow of ill augury upon the wall. Here, then, will be a combination of infinite meaning. In it can be exhibited the naked humanity of Christ, the personification of manhood in its bronzed and sinewy prime. In it can be commemorated the partnership of Christ, the workman weary from his work, with the sons of toil and those that labour and are heavy laden. In it can be asserted the divinity of Christ, whose weariness is thus comforted with visitings of a mystic rapture. In it, last of all, can be foreshadowed the dispensation of sacrifice; the gilded tokens are mocked before the mother's eyes with this presage of a felon's death; to her it is a bitter seeming irony; but we, who can see beneath, know the meaning of this mystery and the glory of this coming humiliation.

Yes, this is an invention of no little meaning; the notion strikes you by its ingenuity when you hear it put in

words. But presently it occurs to you—is the meaning one within the proper compass of painting to express? Is the conceit one fit for the stable vehicle of forms and colours, and not rather for the shifting vehicle of literary recital? If it is not only to be passed before the mind as an ingenious notion, but perpetuated to the senses as a picture, must not the significance of the work depend on the way in which the shadow of the principal figure forms, together with the substance of one of the fittings on the wall, the likeness of a man crucified? And will not this look like a kind of game or puzzle, perplexing to the uninformed spectator? Again, must not that principal figure be in the attitude of a man risen to stretch and unstiffen himself after labour—an attitude nothing if not transitory? And must it not be difficult to reconcile what there is of common in this gesture with what there should be of elevated and mysterious in the expression of a conscious God? Are we not thus likely to get all the elements, which, according to our canons, are proper in painting to fret rather than to satisfy the spectator? Well, it is always bad to give way to *à priori* judgments, even if they are framed according to the safest canons, in respect of the works of fine art. It is always well to keep the appreciative powers as open as possible, and to be prepared to find a virtue in every new development of the arts, in every effort, however strange, of the modern spirit, to express itself sincerely through these channels. So Mr. Holman Hunt's work must not be condemned beforehand, because by its subject it threatens to violate canons, which, in truth, it is easy to lay down too rigidly. Lessing himself did not allow enough for the resources in which painting is so rich, the resources of light, shade, and colour, of emphasis and suppression, whereby she can often give adequate expression to appearances thoroughly fugitive and mysterious. Think, for example, of Rembrandt, and what channels he opened out for the expression of the modern spirit in art. For one thing,

of all those who have wished to exhibit the partnership of Christ with the poor and needy, of all those who in any manner have sought to bring within the kingdom of art the sons and daughters of toil, and to extend to lowliness and commonness the sensibilities of the eye and the sympathies of the imagination, Rembrandt is the father and the master. Rembrandt, for another thing, drove most of all at those effects of his art which are proper for enforcing mysterious suggestions upon the mind. He cultivated more than others the art of imaginative emphasis and imaginative suppression by the means of light and shade. When you remember many a scene of haunted gloom, with its sparse but speaking points of brightness—the great shaft of light alive with the herald angels, how it bursts in upon the darkness where the shepherds watch the stars, and how it strikes hither and thither upon their frightened forms, and the horns and backs of the scampering herds—or the thick midnight within the littered stable at Bethlehem, where they presently come peering in, and their lanthorn rays scarce find a way to the corner where crouch pitifully the mother and her suckling—or the pale illumination which plays about the sheeted half-awakened Lazarus, as the Restorer stands high in the gesture of command, and those about Him fall back amazed—when you remember scenes like these, and many another, you easily conceive how a Rembrandt might work upon an idea such as this which has occurred to the English painter; how from amidst enshrouding gloom he might reveal to us the figure of the workman using this gesture, and by a grim prophetic hazard the shadow of it turning, for his mother, into an omen of despair, for us, into a symbol of redemption. But then a Rembrandt would work upon it with such an immediate and vivid way of throwing up the special point, with an intensity and singleness of aim so enforced with reticence here and emphasis there, with such a sacrifice of the circumstantial to

the essential, as would reconcile the motive with the conditions of the art, and speak directly and impressively to the imagination.

Follow the crowd now, and stand before Mr. Hunt's picture, and you will see that his manner of speaking is not Rembrandt's. He shows himself a child of his age by attending first of all to geography and ethnology and archaeology and local atmosphere and local colour. The subject implies the time of sunset; here, then, shall be the very blaze of an Oriental day near its decline flooding the canvas. Keen golden and rosy light strikes hard upon the face of every object, throwing pale purple shadows where it is interrupted. Steeped in it lie the hills of Galilee, Gilboa, and Carmel, seen through the window; the carpenter's workshop overflows with it, there is no rest from it, and from the figures, tools, and litter that catch and break it up, except in one corner where two pomegranates and a shutter sleep in a breadth of comfortable shadow. No repose elsewhere, any more than there would be in the living fact, among the shavings and carpenter's gear, the reeds in the corner, the green drinking-jar, the rich scarf between rose-colour and lilac which trails out of the treasure-box of carved ivory, the gilt and jewelled surfaces which we see within it. High in the foreground of all this stands the spare bronzed figure of Christ, boldly relieved in its upper portions against the field of glowing sky which is framed by the arched window. The human and natural part of this conception finds its place in the attitude—that simply of a man stretching himself; the mystic and supernatural part in the head, where the painter has sought to embody, in a carefully studied ethnic type, the aspect of ineffable communings. Further back the kneeling Mary has her hand upon the lid of the casket, and her head turned away as her eye is caught by the ominous shadow. It did not need the assurance of the painter's printed remarks to make us feel that all this has been got as lite-

rally like the probable fact as untiring labour and unflinching zeal, bent upon exhausting every appliance of local inquiry and research, could make it. Iron toil and sworn conscientiousness proclaim themselves in every corner of the canvas. And what, for us, is the result? Senses distracted with an aggregation of insubordinate splendours; a mind fatigued with the asseverations of an importunate circumstantiality. I, at least, can bear no other witness. I see, and honour, much that I wish I could delight in; but delight I cannot. As the eye wanders over the parts, and takes account of their qualities, it has to register many excellences. The figure of Mary, for instance, is a figure of noble conception and design. I do not think that of Christ nearly so good, nor the disposition of its weight upon one leg appropriate to the gesture; again, the natural attitude of stretching has had to be forced in order that the figure may cast the requisite symbolic shadow. But in it, too, there is design of extraordinary power and care; and both figures derive from an extraordinarily forcible painting, and a singular realization of values, the quality of stereoscopic relief and solidity in a degree which has hardly ever been attained before. To some, indeed, this deceptive solidity and reality, which belong also to all the appurtenances of the scene, may weigh rather as a defect than as an excellence in the artistic scale. For so it is—even as you try to register excellences in the work before you, you find them excellent only as they attest prodigious powers and industry; defective in so far as they address your artistic sense. I was going to praise the consummate study and imitative force of the draperies; and of the Virgin's gorgeous draperies between green and blue the praise may stand; but how ugly is the form of the white cloth round the loins of Christ, how distressing, despite of gorgeousness, the colour of the trailing scarf, and still more of the lining of the casket and lid! I was going to say, see the astonishing justice and fidelity of rendering

in the saw, the plane, the shavings, the plastered wall and its surfaces in light and shadow. But of all this imitative mastery, so striking and dazzling at first sight, some looks a little suspicious after a while. (The shavings, for instance, upon which such astonishing pains have been spent, are they not after all suspiciously buttery and curly and fat?) And the rest, if it continues to confound you by its power, all the more importunes you with an impression of the effort, the pain and toil, with which the power has been put forth. Now the impression of painful effort is what the artistic sense longs to escape from; the mastery which delights that sense is the mastery which leaves no such impression behind. Of the two English painters of our time who most strike and dazzle by a lively imitation of natural objects, one—Mr. Millais—possesses a magic which leaves behind no impression of distressing effort. The conceptions of Mr. Millais' art may be quite prosaic, quite common and worldly; but in expressing them he does perform miracles of the brush. His touch has magic as well as strength. Not, I think, in the flesh of women and children, but in any less fair and delicate substances—and certainly in things such as this year's birch stems and fagots, or as the old sailor's glass of rum, which is done like a glass of wine in Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*—this potent magic of the brush goes far to make up for the quality of Mr. Millais' conceptions. Mr. Hunt, who started from the same point as Mr. Millais, has taught his hand no such touch. His conceptions, you may say, are prosaic too, not indeed by worldliness, but by that quality of circumstantiality to which we have alluded; and if this is true, the quality is emphasised, rather than redeemed, under his laborious, his deceptive but quite unmagical manner in realizing surfaces and stuffs and lustres. Concentrate your attention upon the head of Christ, the point of principal interest in the picture, and see if in that you can escape from these qualities. Less than anywhere else can

you escape from them here, in this wrestle of expression with the inexpressible, in the emphasis of aspiring sentiment which seems stamped so hard and crudely upon these illuminated blue eyes, these smiling red lips and white teeth.

What, then, does it mean, that your artistic sense should find itself thus harassed at all points, where your sense of industry, of zeal, and high intentions, finds so much that is more than admirable? It means no less than this—that the artist has made himself the representative of a principle which denies the purpose for which his art exists. Have you felt, at the sound of his undertaking, that it has a perilously literary turn? You feel, at the sight of it, that it has been directed by another habit of the modern mind, the scientific habit. By the scientific habit I mean that which insists on examining and verifying, point by point, the groups and sequences of things as they really are in nature and the past. In its proper domain, which is no less than to discredit false explanations of the universe, and to supply true ones so far as be supplied they can, this habit justly is the glory of the present and will be the guidance of the coming generations. But here we have an example of the scientific spirit, the spirit of exact inquisition into the groups and sequences of realities, asserting sovereignty in the domain of art. Mr. Hunt's conviction is, says he, that "Art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." Of course; but to realize them how? to realize them to which of our faculties? to our curiosity and our scientific sense in their circumstantialities? or to our imagination and our æsthetic sense in their essentials? The law is, that art is something which must speak to our imagination, and should not contradict knowledge; but that whatever is silent to the imagination, though it speaks to knowledge, is not art. Art does not exist, like science, in order to explain the universe; it exists in order to strike certain notes in

the human spirit. The universe, I say again, assuredly needs to be explained; its phenomena, in their groups and sequences, need to be investigated in the spirit of rational research and systematic record; science, in other words, needs to be advanced. But art is an invention for something quite different. Science treats the phenomena of the universe in one way, and satisfies the disciplined curiosity of the mind. Art treats the phenomena of the universe in another way, and satisfies the sensibilities of imagination which are also contained in the mind. There are all sorts of notes in the human spirit, innumerable fine affections of the imagination, which respond to the various phenomena of the universe. What art is an invention for, is for counterfeiting these phenomena and giving them perpetuity, in forms so disengaged, combined, and brought into relief that the imagination in its several affections shall vibrate beneath them in the counterfeit yet more distinctly and pleasurably than in the original. Now analysis, research, and the circumstantial, which are indispensable to the satisfaction of a disciplined curiosity, are beside the point when it is the imagination which has to be touched. What touches the imagination is the significant in phenomena, and for it the circumstantial is precisely the insignificant—is even capable of becoming the impertinent. That Palestine Exploration Funds and Societies of Biblical Archaeology should labour to explain their fragment of the universe, is well; that a painter should not grossly ignore the results of their labours is also well; but that he should make it his business to do their work for them is not well. Their business is to bring the past and its events nearer to us in one way: his business is to bring them nearer in another way. In their method, the exact configuration of a site, the details of a style of building, the fashion of a head-dress, the pattern on a relic, the shape of a tool and precise way of handling it, have very great importance and significance; in his method they

have next to none. Let these be right enough in a work of art not to shock with the sense of wilful ignorance; so much concession from art to science the modern spirit may fairly demand: but for a painter to make these his great point is for him to choose knowledge instead of feeling as the field of his operations. And whether painting represents a scene of nature, or a scene of human passions and destinies, it does so, in a ripe and natural state, not that we may know more about the scene with our heads, but that we may feel it more deeply in our hearts. The avenue by which painting has to reach the heart being sight, its method must be, first to charm or impress this sense, and next to arouse and gratify the imagination with ideas to which these first impressions of sense lead harmoniously on—combinations that grow upon you and speak their meaning while you look, suggestions inseparable from the scheme of forms and tints before you, associations which come home to you with a power "felt in the blood and felt along the heart," and which you realize with an emotion all the deeper that you can never fully resolve them by analysis, or exhaust them by definition.

To this method nothing can be more antagonistic than that painting should insist above all things on satiating the curiosity with particulars scientifically consistent and rationally probable. That Mr. Hunt has worked in this mistaken spirit cannot, I think, be denied. He has endeavoured not to express the essence of the event, but to reconstitute the event itself in all its items. He has given way to no desire of an inner harmony between the motive, symbolical and momentary as that is, and his manner of representing it, but has treated the scene as one which he was bound to petrify without compromise and without mystery for ever in the full flood of day. I do not say that he has wilfully foresworn the pleasurable outward parts of his art. On the contrary, you can see that here, more than in his earlier work, he has studied the visible effects proper to please in

painting. In the scheme both of forms and colours he has thought of composition and arrangement; he has not meant to defy art, but rather to comply with art's conditions, in the framing of Christ against the window-opening, in the placing of the trestle and saw, in the conduct of the colour even—the blues and greens which have their strongest accent in the crown and censer and the Virgin's robes, and recur as a reflected light in nearly all the shadows, as well as in the sky and even in the eyes of Christ—the rose-reds finding their highest pitch in the lining of the casket and the dropped headgear of Christ, and kindling more faintly on many a lighted surface in the sunset. But this study of artistic harmony and conduct as something which an artist ought not to leave wholly out of view, has not had a happy effect. It has not come by instinct, but by afterthought, and therefore to little purpose. The really governing principle in the picture is the scientific one. Notwithstanding the artist's concessions to his art, his work does not arouse, but paralyses, the imagination. I do not say, again, that Mr. Hunt theoretically or deliberately gives the first place to what is circumstantial and not what is essential. On the contrary, he seems to admit the superior claims of the essence of a subject over its circumstances. He says that in minding modern knowledge "the primary object of art—to teach the lesson of the incident portrayed—need not be lost." But consider a little closely the terms of this admission. Here is a definition of the primary object of art which would be ours also, if by "teaching the lesson" were understood what we have called "striking the note" of the incident portrayed. In primitive stages of civilization, indeed, to teach the lesson of a subject is the same thing, whether you mean by it to bring the subject home to the intelligence, or to the moral sense, or to the imagination. For in primitive or childish men the faculties are confused, and consist chiefly of an undisciplined and unfas-

tidious imagination. Primitive or childish art exists usually in order to exhibit to such men a likeness, or a symbol, of something which they worship. The most uncouth likeness, the rudest symbol, serves at once to inform their curiosity, to command their awe, and to content their fancy; it is an object of science, of religion, and of art all together. But a riper civilization differentiates men's faculties, and develops the means proper for severally exercising them. The intelligence disciplines itself and grows into a separate province of the mind, with science as a separate instrument for its cultivation: the moral sense develops itself, and finds in religion its appropriate stimulation; the imagination and its sensibilities ripen, and to cultivate and exercise these is the business of the fine arts as they acquire perfection. In the course of this development the curiosity or scientific sense, the moral sense, and the imaginative or artistic sense, severally become more exacting. At first it was easy to satisfy them all three at once; later they can only be fully satisfied separately, and each by its appropriate means. The exactions of a highly disciplined curiosity, the exactions of a moral sense highly exalted and spiritualized, art can never directly satisfy; nay, its business, in a ripe and natural state, is not to speak directly to these faculties at all; to speak directly to the imagination, and satisfy the exactions of that faculty, is its business. Enough if, for the indirect satisfaction of the other faculties, art takes up as it finds them the current facts of science and the current conceptions of religion and morality. These are phenomena of the universe like any other; by realizing these in their most striking or most delightful essentials to the imagination, just as by realizing to its aspects of nature, this or that out of a myriad notes in the human spirit can be struck; this or that out of a myriad virtues of things can be expressed; this or that out of a myriad modes of harmonious pleasure can be given. And to "teach the lesson" of a phenomenon

in this sense is indeed art's mission. But in the case before us an artist, faithful above others to art's mission as he interprets it, has had the misfortune to interpret it wrong. He has thought first of the instructed religious feelings and the inquisitive reason of his time, and has desired to teach a lesson to these. For this end he has worked with the determination of a temperament that nothing daunts, with the thoroughness of a conscience that is the sternest task-master, with an ability which would have achieved success in almost any endeavour. But this endeavour is contrary to the laws of things. The best success in it is failure. It is the sacrifice of art, by an artist, to that which after all is not science. For in this domain the inquisition and asseveration of mere facts is not really science, it is only the contrary of art; it is not a lesson in knowledge, it is only an infliction to feeling; it is not modern love of truth, it is only—the word has already gone out—it is only modern prose. The incidents of the reed, the hammer, auger, and nails, the image of a cross, the light framing the head of Christ like an aureola—all these symbols of Christ's divinity and passion have significance for the imagination, and, like symbols in general, for the imagination as a faculty distinct from reason. Old art, by devotionally collecting these symbols about the person of Christ without regard to time, place, and circumstances, used to make its appeal frankly to this faculty. This modern art, by contriving to collect the symbols with an ingenious deference to time, place, probability, and the laws of nature, gives the imagination no play, and stifles in it the power of acknowledging any significance at all in such symbols. And so with the work in all its parts. That the modern spirit should confess this confusion of its faculties, should thus zealously put forth activities of one order in a field properly given over to activities of another order—is not this in some sort a return of childhood, and of a childhood not due and in season as was the first?

And now we have turned over the matter in all ways, not without repetitions, but they were for the sake of making our meaning clear. If I should seem to have spoken disrespectfully of labours for which I feel all respect, let that too be set down to the wish of bringing out the point of the discussion so as to admit no ambiguity. If to those most conversant with art, and most alive to its emotions, work so devoted, so sincere, and in many points so masterly as that of Mr. Hunt can be a source not of delight but of distress, it is best to try and understand the reason why. That the fact is so, I am

very sure; and now I think we see the justification of the fact. The happiest, the only happy, exercise of the critical faculty is in doing and helping others to do reverential homage to the creative faculty; but when the creative faculty is ill inspired, when that master force wastes and neutralises itself in the service of confused inspirations, and for the appeal to indiscriminate perceptions, it is the part of criticism not to shrink from saying so. Where our instincts are once wrong, by instinct alone we cannot right ourselves: then to try and right ourselves by criticism is our only chance.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

MICHELET.

In the month of February, 1874, there died, within a few hours of each other, two men, who, though widely different in character, talent, and ideas, had both exercised considerable influence, not merely in their own countries, but throughout the whole of Europe.

Dr. Strauss, the author of "The Life of Jesus," died at Stuttgart on the 8th of February, having proclaimed, but a few months before, the overthrow of all Christian beliefs, and the new Gospel of Science, which limits the desires and hopes of men to the short term of an earthly life.¹

He was true to his own teaching, and showed by the stoicism of his death that he had learnt resignation if he had not found happiness.

Jules Michelet, the author of "L'Histoire de France," "L'Histoire de la Révolution française," and "L'Oiseau," "L'Insecte," and "La Mer," died at Hyères, on the 9th of February. The misfortunes of his country broke his heart; but they could not destroy his joyful hope in the future, or shake his firm belief that in the other world the sorrows and injustices of this life will all be forgotten, and our liberated souls draw nearer to that perfection which is the object of their highest aspirations. It was strange that while Germany, the home of sentiment, of metaphysical speculation and lofty religious yearnings, lost in Strauss—a man of a stern, proud nature—a logician who stifled his emotions as signs of weakness unbecoming modern times, and acknowledged no God but science and reason; France, whose great intellectual qualities, precision, finesse, moderation, and logical clearness, are often accompanied by a certain dryness of heart and poverty of imagination, lost in Michelet the most tender and

religious character that ever breathed, refusing to find satisfaction in mere science, and for ever letting himself be carried away by his feelings and imagination. The influence of Strauss was greater and wider than that of Michelet, but it was almost wholly negative and destructive. To minds harassed by doubt and anxiously seeking for truth, he offered the repose of universal negation; whilst Michelet revived the sad and aching heart, and when weary with doubt, supplied it with fresh reasons for loving and believing. Both were great and noble-minded men; and at their death many a German and many a Frenchman must have asked, "Who is to succeed them?" It is a question which may well be put to the rising generation each time that one of the men who have been the glory of the century passes away. The poets, artists, scholars, and writers who made its spring-time beautiful are now nearly all dead, but its autumn is still enriched by the works they have left behind them. A few, like Guizot, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson, remain, but they are ghosts rather than representatives of an age that is past. Where are the men, in Italy, to replace Leopardi, Bellini, and Manzoni?—in France, Lamartine, Delacroix, and Aug. Thierry?—in Germany, Goethe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Grimm, or Ranke?—in England, Shelley, Thackeray, Turner, or Macaulay? If our times are too barren to produce men worthy to be named with these, let us do what we can to keep alive the worship of their memory, and fix their image in our minds before time has effaced it!

My purpose is to sketch in broad outline the life and character of Jules Michelet, the great writer whom France has just lost. His own talent and style are needed to describe so

¹ "Der alte und der neue Glauben."

gifted and powerful a nature; my only claim to be heard is that I had the privilege of knowing him personally for more than ten years, and have made his works my careful study. I shall endeavour to describe him as I knew him and loved him; and I trust to be forgiven if the vivid memory of what he was, and my grief for his loss, should lead me to overlook any blemishes in his talent, and to dwell chiefly on the great qualities of his mind and heart.

Michelet gives an admirable account of his own early education, in the preface to "*Le Peuple*," and describes in a graphic manner the vivid impressions of his childish days. His mother was a native of the Ardennes, the stern and rugged home of a race which he designates as "distinguée, sobre, économe, sérieuse, où l'esprit critique domine." His father was from "*l'ardente et colérique Picardie*," which has produced enthusiasts and orators like Peter the Hermit, Calvin, and Camille Desmoulins. After the Reign of Terror, the Michelet family came to Paris and set up a printing-office, and here he was born on the 21st of August, 1798, in the choir of an old church, used as a workshop by his father, "*occupée*," he says, "*non profanée; qu'est ce que la Presse au temps moderne, sinon l'Arche Sainte?*"¹ In this fact there was an omen of the future. His first years were hard and joyless; he grew "*comme une herbe sans soleil, entre deux pavés de Paris*." The suppression of the newspapers by Napoléon in 1800 and the restrictions of every kind which he placed upon the book-trade reduced the Michelets to poverty. They had to send away their workmen and do the work themselves as best they could, Jules taking his share, with his parents and grandfather. For the child it was labour far beyond his years, and certain, one would think, to have nipped his awakening faculties in the bud. Quite the contrary. Whilst his small fingers were mechanically engaged in putting dull books into type, his imagination was trying its wings. That wonderful gift which in later life

enabled him to make the ashes of the past glow with new life, and to awaken a soul and heart in all things, was the ruling faculty of his mind, and the first to awaken there. "*Jamais je n'ai tant voyagé d'imagination que pendant que j'étais immobile à cette case. . . . Très solitaire et très libre, j'étais tout imaginaire.*" He was not able to follow any regular course of instruction: before the morning work began he used to have lessons with an old bookseller who had formerly been a school-master, "*homme de mœurs antiques, ardent révolutionnaire*;" from him he imbibed his worship for the Revolution, which he looked on as France's greatest achievement in history, and a revelation of justice. His reading was confined to two or three books. One of these produced a singularly deep impression upon him, and awoke the religious sentiment and the belief in God and immortality which never afterwards forsook him, and, in spite of all the variations of his mind, are discernible in everything he wrote. This book was the "*Imitation of Christ*." "*Je n'avais encore aucune idée religieuse. . . . Et voilà que dans ces pages j'aperçois tout à coup, au bout de ce triste monde, la délivrance de la mort, l'autre vie, et l'espérance. . . . Comment dire l'état de rêve où me jetèrent ces premières paroles de l'Imitation? Je ne lisais pas, j'entendais. . . . comme si cette voix douce et paternelle se fut adressée à moi-même. Je vois encore la grande chambre froide et démeublée; elle me parut vraiment éclairée d'une lueur mystérieuse. Je ne pus aller bien loin dans ce livre, ne comprenant pas le Christ, mais je sentis Dieu.*"

At this time his love of history also began to show itself and indicated his future calling. "*Ma plus forte impression*," continue-t-il, "*après celle-là, c'est le Musée des Monuments Français. . . . C'est là, nulle autre part, que j'ai reçu d'abord la vive impression de l'histoire. Je remplissais ces tombeaux de mon imagination; je sentais ces morts à travers les marbres; et ce n'était pas sans quelque terreur que j'entraais sous les*

¹ "*Le Peuple*," p. 22.

voûtes basses où dormaient Dagobert, Chilpéric, et Frédégonde."¹

The child's remarkable abilities did not escape the notice of his parents. His father was all but destitute and his mother an invalid, but their last resources were employed in sending him to college. There, in MM. Villemain and Leclerc, he found distinguished teachers who supported him by their liberality, and also companions who taunted him with his poverty. He grew shy and timid—"effarouché comme un hibou en plein jour"²—shunned society, and lived with his books. But such trials served only to temper his spirit; he felt that he was worth something, and began to have faith in himself. "Dans ce malheur accompli, privations du présent, craintes de l'avenir, l'ennemi était à deux pas (1814), et mes ennemis à moi, se moquant de moi tous les jours. Un jour, un jeudi matin, je me ramassai sur moi-même, sans feu (la neige couvrait tout), ne sachant pas si le pain viendrait le soir, tout semblant finir pour moi; j'eus en moi un pur sentiment stoïcien; je frappai de ma main, crevé par le froid, sur ma table de chêne (que j'ai toujours conservée), et je sentis une joie virile de jeunesse et d'avenir." The moral energy that triumphs over external evils upheld Michelet during his whole life. Physically very feeble, and always in bad health, his mind sustained his body. His life was one continued struggle, which would seem to have inspired the general view he takes of history: in both he saw liberty and fatality constantly at strife. The bitter experiences of his early years remained indelibly imprinted on his memory. Later on he attained glory and fortune, but he never forgot that he had risen from the people, and that to his humble origin he owed some of his finest qualities. "J'ai gardé l'impression du travail—d'une vie âpre et laborieuse. Je suis resté du peuple. . . . Si les classes supérieures ont la culture, nous avons bien plus de chaleur vitale. . . . Ceux qui arrivent ainsi,

¹ "Le Peuple," p. 26.

² *Ibid.* p. 30.

avec la sève du peuple, apportent dans l'art un degré nouveau de vie et de rajeunissement, tout au moins un grand effort. Ils posent ordinairement le but plus haut, plus loin que les autres, consultant peu leurs forces, mais plutôt leur cœur." In fact, he attributed the warmth and tenderness of heart, which were the inspiration of his life, to his plebeian extraction; and though poverty and the sneers of his college companions made him for a time shy and miserable, they never aroused in him the smallest feeling of envy. No sooner did he re-enter the college as Professor, and find himself in a position to do something for others, than his whole being expanded. "Ces jeunes générations qui croyaient en moi, me réconcilièrent à l'humanité." He was made professor at the college of St. Barbe in 1821. In 1827 he published an analysis of Vico's History and Philosophy, and an Epitome of Modern History, which is a masterpiece, and in which, even after the lapse of forty-six years, not one page is out of date.

He was appointed Professor of History and Philosophy at the Ecole Normale, and remained there till 1837. These were perhaps his happiest years. He married at twenty-five, and led a studious and retired life, communicating with the outer world solely through his pupils. In after days he was fond of dwelling on the enjoyment he had found in teaching, and would relate how in the sharpest winter weather he was in the habit of walking up the Rue St. Jacques in his tail-coat and thin shoes, without an overcoat, quite insensible to the north wind and cold, "tant était ardente la flamme intérieure." Those who had the privilege of hearing him then have preserved a lasting remembrance of his eloquent and suggestive lectures, in which he succeeded so well in imparting to others the passion which animated himself. He, on his side, acquired from the act of teaching and from the affection and sympathy of his pupils, a strength which supported and inspired him in all his work. "Si j'avais comme historien," said he after-

wards, "un mérite spécial qui me soutint à côté de mes illustres prédécesseurs, je le devrais à l'enseignement, qui pour moi fut l'amitié. Ces grands historiens ont été brillants, judicieux, profonds. Moi, j'ai aimé davantage."

His Roman History, begun in 1828 and published in 1831, was the first fruit of this happy period of youth and enthusiasm. An extraordinary impetus had been given to the study of the Middle Ages by the works of Guizot and Augustin Thierry, and a similar interest bid fair to be awakened in the study of classic antiquity by Michelet's History. His great imaginative power and the magic charm of his style invested the annals of ancient Rome with all the reality of contemporary history. Up to that time, Niebuhr's daring hypotheses, wrapped up in obscure and ponderous learning, had remained inaccessible to the mass of the educated public; they were now made to glow with life and colour. What Niebuhr took so much pains to prove, Michelet saw and made others see, and his narrative was for the time more convincing than the soundest demonstration. Nevertheless the book produced little effect. Education went on in the old routine. He gained many admirers, but few disciples; and was himself soon drawn into the general current, until he relinquished the study of classical antiquity for that of the Middle Ages. With his impressionable nature, it would have been impossible for Michelet to escape the contagion of the romantic movement which, in the early part of the century, took possession of all minds. The literature, manners, customs, and monuments of the Middle Ages fascinated every one. Poetry and fiction, painting and the drama, dealt exclusively with feudal lords, old-world castles, and the loves of high-born dames and their pages. The sublime grandeur of the Gothic cathedrals cast the perfect beauty of the Greek temples into the shade. In all this there was much infatuation, and the movement partook in no small degree of the nature

of a passing fashion; much bad taste was displayed, and bygone ages were often painted in the falsest colours. The style of ornamentation and the choice of subjects, represented on the clocks and the frontispieces of the books of the Empire and the Restoration, show how conventional and pretentious was their idea of the Middle Ages. Not that this love of national antiquities was altogether artificial. The Revolution had rent everything violently asunder; it was a gigantic effort to annihilate a hated past and create an entirely new France, and it ended in despotism, and in a complete exhaustion of the strength of the country. That men should begin to mourn over the ruins they had made, and try to rescue from the wreck all that they could find worthy of love and admiration, was not unnatural. In politics the attempt to reconnect the new and the old France had failed. All that the Restoration succeeded in borrowing from the ancient *régime* was its old-world prejudices, not knowing how to turn to good account the reaction against the Revolution and the Empire; but the Revolution of 1830, while it put an end to the Restoration, did not destroy the universal attraction of the Middle Ages. On the contrary, their history began to be better known; it was studied in a more serious and scientific spirit; old texts were edited, and students turned their attention to the old laws, to the language in its earlier stages, and to the examination and classification of the public archives. With the liberal youth of the day, Michelet had joyfully hailed the advent of the Revolution of 1830, and in his "Introduction à l'Histoire universelle" (1831) had even celebrated its praises as the natural culmination of the history of France. He shared the passionate interest of his contemporaries in the Middle Ages. In 1831 he was elected head of the historical section of the Public Records (Archives Nationales); and in the escape of that immense collection of documents from the destroying hand of Time and Revolution he saw the realization of the vague dreams of his

childhood as he used to wander through the Museum of Historical Monuments. His imagination called forth the dead who were sleeping in that vast historical necropolis; the ancient and discoloured parchments appeared to him as still living witnesses of former centuries; and he heard their voices relating the authentic history of their day.

That history he determined to write for his country. The first volume of his History of France appeared in 1833; the sixth, ending with the death of Louis XI., was published in 1846. These six volumes, I think, constitute Michelet's surest title to renown, and will prove his most useful and enduring work. The picture of France with which the second volume opens, the life of Jeanne d'Arc, and the reign of Louis XI., may rank with the finest pieces of historical writing of that time. They bear evidence of conscientious learning and profound research; while, so great is the author's creative genius, that the personages he describes appear to live and move before us. Michelet's historical judgment is more profound and impartial than that of his illustrious predecessors, Guizot and Thierry; they singled out for admiration such institutions, ideas, and tendencies of the past as they advocated for their own day, and made their writings a vehicle for the theories and political opinions they themselves held relative to contemporary events, whereas Michelet draws out and admires all that was original and characteristic in the past, and lays his own feelings and opinions aside, that he may be able thoroughly to understand and sympathize with those of the men he describes. To Michelet history was neither a narrative of facts nor a philosophical analysis, but literally a resurrection. I find in him the same combination of learning and prophetic genius that we admire in Niebuhr and Mommsen and the best leaders of the German scientific school; and, above all, in Jacob Grimm, whom indeed he knew personally, and for whom he

expressed the tenderest and deepest admiration.¹

Whilst engaged on his history, Michelet published, in 1835, a series of extracts from Luther, under the name of "*Mémoires de Luther*," forming an interesting and trustworthy biography of the great reformer. In 1837 he published "*Les Origines du Droit*," an endeavour to show that the old French law was not a collection of abstract formulas and deductions, but the living expression of the historical development of the nation; and he also edited, in the "*Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France*" (1841—1851), "*Les Pièces de Procès des Templiers*," in two volumes quarto.

Though thus absorbed in the study of the Middle Ages, Michelet had too ardent and impressionable a nature not to be deeply affected by the passions of his own day. In 1837 he left the *Ecole Normale*, then under the energetic though narrow direction of M. Cousin, and in 1838 was appointed Professor of History and Moral Philosophy at the *Collège de France*. Instead of a small number of pupils to whom he had to teach positive facts, and a rigorous method in a simple form, he saw before him an ardent, impressionable, enthusiastic crowd, who demanded no serious scientific instruction, but the momentary excitement awakened by noble and eloquent words. The duties of his professorship were of a vague, hybrid nature, and seemed to justify a teaching that dealt more with general ideas than with facts, and gave greater prominence to daring syntheses than to the patient processes of criticism. His two contemporaries in the college, Quinet and Mickiewicz,² also considered themselves

¹ J. Grimm was to him the perfect type of a scholar. After the war of 1870, when the sternness with which the Germans had followed up their victories was filling him with anguish, he said to me, "*Si Grimm avait été là je suis sûr qu'il aurait protesté au nom de l'humanité et de la justice. Mais il n'y a plus de Grimm en Allemagne.*"

² E. Quinet, the poet, historian and philosopher, taught the history of the literatures of Southern Europe. Mickiewicz was Professor of the Slavonic Literature and Language.

called to a kind of social and philosophical apostleship, and the three formed an intellectual triumvirate which acquired a powerful ascendancy over the young men of the day. This new activity produced a decisive influence on Michelet, which was further strengthened by public events. In 1840, the July Monarchy, under the fatal influence of M. Guizot, adopted a policy of inaction and opposition to all progress, which excited revolutionary tendencies among all noble and liberal-minded men, drove them to extreme opinions, and could not but lead to a catastrophe. Of this number Michelet was one; a child of the eighteenth century, he felt called upon to combat the clerical power, and published in 1843¹ a course of lectures on the Jesuits, and in 1851 "*Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*;" a work of psychological analysis at once delicate and profound, in which, as in his lectures, he shows that all moral teaching is based on history. Proud of his origin in the ranks of the people, he fought side by side with the apostles of socialism, though without sharing their Utopian ideas; and in "*Le Peuple*" (1846), he proclaimed the sufferings, aspirations, and hopes of the *prolétaire* and the peasant. Born under the Revolution, and accustomed from childhood to regard it as the salvation of the world, his wish was to teach succeeding generations to see it in the same light, as a gospel of justice and peace, and he accordingly wrote his *History of the Revolution*, the first volume of which appeared in February 1848. Though based on wide and careful researches, it cannot, strictly speaking, be called a history; it is rather an epic poem in seven volumes, with Danton as the personification of the people for its hero. Historical criticism may possibly leave few portions of this work standing; but several passages, such as the taking of the Bastille and the feast of the *Fédération*, possess the enduring beauty of great literary

creations. Of all the historians of the Revolution, Michelet is the only one who makes intelligible the credulous but sublime enthusiasm and the infinite hope which took possession of France and Europe after 1789.

By this time his genius had undergone a great change. Since the publication of "*France in the Middle Ages*," he had lost much of his calmness, moderation, and scientific impartiality: he had thrown himself into the most serious political and social questions of the day with passionate ardour; and his thought and style partook of the feverish abruptness which characterized his speaking and gave it such originality. But his imaginative power had deepened in intensity, and he had gained in force of expression; instead of extending his artistic and poetic sympathies, as before, to all the great manifestations of the human mind, and being successively engrossed with the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, the Protestantism of Luther, the genius of Caesar, and the spirit of the Dutch Republics, he was now the apostle of certain great causes; and the ardent fire within him burned stronger and brighter the more it was concentrated. These causes were all noble and sacred, and resolved themselves into three words, Peace, Justice, Progress. He wished to unite all nations in a universal brotherhood; to combine all parties and classes in the bond of a common love for their country; and to reconcile religion and science in the soul. This in his eyes was the creed bequeathed by the Revolution. As his mind took a more decided bent, and he acquired greater precision of thought, his style became more personal and more unconventional, and freer from all external influences, and adapted itself more perfectly to the thoughts it had to convey.

The Revolution of 1848 broke out, and for an instant Michelet might believe that all he had preached and desired was about to be realized. He had wished to deduce from history "a principle of action," and to create "*des âmes et des volontés*;" and

¹ Quinet and Michelet had both delivered a course of lectures on this subject, and brought out the book in conjunction.

for a moment he thought that his apostleship had not been in vain. It was a short illusion. But the dawn of peace and liberty in the spring of 1848 was followed by the days of June, by the expedition to Rome of 1849, the reaction of 1850, and the *coup d'état* of 1851. In 1850 Michelet was forced to give up his professorship at the Collège of France, and in 1851 his post at the Archives. This sudden shipwreck of all his hopes was calculated to break his heart and take from him all vital energy. True, he still continued to fight for his beloved causes, by finishing his History of the Revolution (1853), and recording the dramatic episodes of the movement of 1848 in the East of Europe;¹ but he felt powerless and disheartened. He would have sunk under the depression and moral suffering caused by these disasters but for faith and love which nothing could destroy, and for a fortunate event which occurred at that time, and, as it were, renewed his whole being. Living out of the world, absorbed in his work, never quitting the solitude of his study except for the crowded lecture-room at the Collège, Michelet's delicate, loving, ardent nature craved for the cares and tendernesses of home life, of which he had so long been deprived. His wife had died in 1839; his daughter married three years afterwards; and his son was neither in character nor intelligence worthy of his name. The political agitation of the ten years that followed on his wife's death had made the emptiness of his home less painful than it would otherwise have been; but now, when things were everywhere falling into ruin, what was to become of him? It was then that he met the lady who for twenty-five years became his faithful companion: and in her regained all that was wanting in his intellectual and moral life. She was the watchful guardian of his working hours, never allowed him to be intruded on when he wished to be alone, and

brought quiet and order into the house. In future he had friend always with him who seemed made to understand him; his thoughts found an echo in her soul, and came back to him with a varied and an added grace. It was the beginning of new life. As their means were limited, they left Paris and retired to the country, where, in the congenial atmosphere of a happy home, Michelet laid aside history for a while—"la dure, la sauvage histoire de l'homme"—and turned to nature. He always loved her, and had defended her from the suspicion and the unjust denunciation of the Church; but still he saw in her a world subject to the same fatality against which human liberty is struggling. Thanks to his wife, he now began to recognize a close connection between nature and humanity. Far from confounding man with nature, and submitting him to the same immutable laws by which she appears to be governed, he saw in her the germs of moral freedom and the rudiments of thoughts and feelings resembling our own. In a word, he endowed her with a soul: from that time the moral solitude to which events had condemned him was peopled; he gave a voice or a language to everything around him—animals, plants, the elements.

This was the source of a series of books of great charm and originality, "*L'Oiseau*" (1856), "*L'Insecte*" (1857), "*La Mer*" (1860), "*La Montagne*" (1868), in which poetry lends itself to the interpretation of science in a succession of pictures and descriptions remarkable at once for truth and for power. They form a poem on nature, a sublime mystic hymn to the One Eternal God who animates all things with His life and His presence. Who can forget the pages devoted to the nightingale, that artist whose song, like all great musical creations, gives us a glimpse into eternity? or, again, those in which he describes the Alps—"le château d'eau de l'Europe, le cœur du monde Européen"—as diffusing water and life and fertility through all the members of the old world, and their valleys as the sacred

¹ "Pologne et Russie," 1851; "Principautés Danubiennes," 1853; "Légendes Démocratiques du Nord," 1854.

stronghold of simple habits and free institutions? Scientific men may discover in these books errors, inaccuracies, and exaggerations; but in spite of all, they have been a new revelation. They have shown that the physical sciences, though accused of withering the soul, and robbing nature of poetry and life of enchantment, contain the elements of a profound and varied poetry that never loses its charm because it is not dependent on the caprices of taste and fashion, but has its source in the unchangeable reality of things. Many have said that science will drive out religion and poetry; Michelet finds in every branch of science the demonstration of a new faith, revealing to him a harmony till then unperceived, centred in the supreme unity of the Divine mind and of the Absolute Being. All nature participates in the divine life, manifesting it in an infinite variety of forms. This, it will be said, is Pantheism. Possibly: but it is a Pantheism which must lie at the foundation of every truly religious conception of the Divinity; the Pantheism which St. Paul preached when he spoke to the Athenians of "the unknown God," in whom we live and move and have our being, and to whom all nature is unceasingly aspiring. By thus discovering in science a source of poetry and a ground of faith, Michelet was beginning to carry out that endeavour to reconcile science and the human mind which he had first conceived when engaged in teaching.

But these external agencies cannot provide for all our needs. Family ties, home joys and affections are wants of our inmost being which love, that makes the marriage bond, that knits together the several members of the family, and sanctifies all their duties and all their pleasures, only has power to supply. In "*L'Amour*" (1858) Michelet tells us how love keeps the heart and the intellect eternally young; in "*La Femme*" he gives us his views as to what a woman can and ought to be. These books have been the subject of severe criticism for their poetic treatment of physiological questions, the discussion

of which should be left to scientific works. The reproach is perhaps not without foundation; but the author's chief error lay in not having sufficiently considered the public for whom he was writing, with their native tendency to make love and marriage subjects of ridicule. To him it was nothing less than impiety to laugh at such things; he was so deeply imbued with the holiness of his cause, that there was nothing he did not dare to say, forgetting that though to the pure all things are pure, they are not so to the frivolous and laughing multitude. Read these books in a sincere and earnest spirit, and they teach nothing but grave and noble lessons. They preach "*la fixité du mariage*," and tell us that "*sans mœurs il n'est point de vie publique*." They desire to "*replacer le foyer sur un terrain ferme, car si le foyer n'est pas ferme, l'enfant ne vivra pas*." The final object of his wishes and efforts is, "*former des cœurs et des volontés*." To him, love is but a starting-point for education, and his book on Love is but an introduction to that entitled, "*Nos Fils*," which contains the full exposition of his views on the great problem of education, upon which he had already touched both in "*Le Peuple*" and "*La Femme*." A psychological analysis of the soul of a child and the study of the great reformers of primary education—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel—lead him to the same conclusion: education is expressed in these three words—Family, Country, and Nature.

How is he to learn these things? In school, unquestionably; but above all from his family, from his father and mother, who are to teach him to love truth—that is, "*la Loi dans la Nature, la Justice dans l'Humanité*." Such an education is essentially religious, for Nature and his Country are revelations of God. "*Dieu révèle par la Mère dans l'amour et dans la Nature; Dieu révèle par le Père dans la Patrie vivante, dans son histoire héroïque, dans le sentiment de la France*." The father and mother act in different ways, but yet in concord, upon their child: he represents "*la*

justice exacte, la loi en action, énergique et austère," she, "la douce justice des circonstances atténuantes, des ménagements équitables, que conseille le cœur et qu'autorise la raison." All sound education must be based on the love, agreement, and harmony of the parents. This doctrine, touched upon in "*Le Peuple*," is propounded at great length in "*Nos Fils*," with all the force and eloquence of sincere conviction.

Michelet, however, was not satisfied with merely pointing out the direction which education should take, or the goal which it should keep in view, his next desire was himself to play the part of educator, and to write a book which should contain all the lessons necessary for giving new life and vigour to the soul. This was the origin of his "*Bible of Humanity*" (1864), in which he borrowed from the moral systems and religions of every nation all that was most original and exalted, and thus obtained from the lips of antiquity a creed for the modern world.

In the ancient doctrines of the Aryan race Michelet discovered the very ideas to which the study of Nature and History had led him. The whole of antiquity joined its voice to his. India with her tenderness towards everything that has life and feeling, Egypt with her hope and struggle for immortality, Greece with her devotion to city and country, Persia with the toil which subdues and fortifies nature, and her lofty ideal of conjugal life. This book, "whose author is the human race," which is nothing more than a grand outline, closes with the simple but profound words that embody Michelet's whole system of morals—"Le foyer est la pierre qui porte la cité."

Whilst thus bringing to light the poetry of science, and using all his powers of imagination and eloquence to promote his views on moral education and religious philosophy, Michelet did not relinquish his historical work. He finished his *History of France* between 1855 and 1867; but this second part, from the reign of Charles VIII. to 1789, is conceived in quite a different spirit from the first, and worked out on another

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plan. The man of action poet, and philosopher, takes the place of the critic and historian. Instead of a just sympathy for the greatness of the past, Michelet violently attacks everything that does not conform to his modern ideal of justice and goodness—the Middle Ages, Catholicism, and the Monarchy. Instead of giving each fact and personage its proper place, he allows himself to be guided by the caprices of his imagination, and repeatedly launches out into poetical digressions: instead of facts consecutively told, he gives us a series of reflections on facts, and his own appreciations and opinions on them. But though less wise and less moderate, his genius becomes more apparent, and shows itself in sudden bursts and flashes. Who has described Luther's heroic joy or Albert Dürer's sublime melancholy as he has? the sombre energy of the Calvinist martyrs, or the refined luxurious corruption of the House of Valois? With him we measure the extravagance of Louis the Fourteenth's pride and imbecility, and understand the stock-jobbing mania that seized on France in Law's time; standing on the threshold of the Revolution, we seem to share the distress and uneasiness as well as the boundless hope that at the time filled and agitated men's minds. He gives us no wise, accurate criticisms, and pronounces no definite judgment on historical events, but makes us take part in them with all the passions of a contemporary. Others affirm and know; he sees and feels.

To this series of great historical works he added, in 1862, a little volume called "*La Sorcière*," in which he shows magic and sorcery to be Nature's protest against the Church's proscriptions, and proclaims her final victory after centuries of struggle and persecution. The volume entitled "*La Pologne Martyr*," which appeared in the middle of the Polish insurrection of 1863, was but a reprint of the moving and eloquent stories of the heroes and martyrs of the revolution in Poland, Hungary, and Roumania, already published some time previously. The last volume of the

History of France was brought out in 1867.

Transformed and revived by the study of natural science and moral psychology, Michelet had entered on a new career as a historian. While regaining the strength and faith needed for living and working, he saw France, so long crushed and weakened by despotism, by degrees recover her former energy, and reconquer, one by one, her lost liberties. He could again look forward with hope to the future of the country he loved so passionately, and believe, not without grounds, that his own urgent appeals had helped to awaken her soul from its long sleep. In the strong assurance of his faith he anticipated the realization of his wishes, and saw before him a new generation who from him had learnt to respect family life, to love their country, and to understand Nature. In 1846, trusting to the sympathy and enthusiasm excited by his teaching at the Collège de France, he had predicted that a social reform would grow out of the union of classes and a new system of education; and in 1869, in "Nos Fils," he again gave expression, with still stronger conviction, to the same hopes and predictions. Not only was France raising herself from her abasement, but a spirit of peace seemed to reign everywhere; nations long divided by hereditary animosity were summoned to Paris in peaceful rivalry, and entertained with magnificent hospitality; the war-alarms of 1867 and 1869 had been quickly dispelled, after calling forth, both in France and Germany, and especially from the working classes, unanimous demonstrations in favour of peace. Social progress and liberal reforms were the questions of the day. The spirit of 1789 and 1848 was waking, free from vain delusions and credulity, and founding the brotherhood of nations on the consolidation of "La Patrie" and the union of classes on the unity of France. Michelet already saw in anticipation the alliance of "tous les drapeaux des nations—le tricolore vert d'Italie (Italia mater), l'aigle blanc de Pologne (qui

saigna tant pour nous!), le grand drapeau du Saint Empire, de ma chère Allemagne, noir, rouge, et or."

In 1848 these splendid dreams were dispelled by the June fusillades. In 1870, the awakening was no less terrible. At the moment when Prussia's ambitious stratagem and the criminal levity of the French Government threatened Europe with a wicked war, Michelet, almost alone, dared publicly to protest against the impelling force of a vain and brutal *chauvinisme*. His clairvoyance as a historian, and his strong sense of justice, made him foresee the issue of the war. But his voice was drowned in the tumult, and on the 16th of July I received from him these prophetic lines: "Les événements se sont précipités. Le crime est accompli, l'Europe interviendra, mais pas assez vite pour qu'il n'y ait avant un désastre immense." He was not deceived, save in one point, the intervention of Europe. We know what followed. Michelet, with his feeble health further impaired by this last shock, could not risk sharing the hardships of the siege of Paris. He withdrew to Italy, but his heart remained in France; he felt from afar all the sufferings and agonies his country was doomed to endure, and the final blow to which she succumbed struck him too. The capitulation of Paris brought on his first attack of apoplexy, from which he was but just recovering when the Communist insurrection broke out, causing a recurrence of his malady in an aggravated form. Critical as was his state, the tender care and nursing of his wife, and his own indomitable spirit, again helped him to rally. The storms that beat upon him could not quench the fire within; though subdued for a time, it burst out again in a bright and ardent flame. His faith and hope never faltered; whilst the most cruel disasters were actually taking place, he brought out a little pamphlet called, "La France devant l'Europe," in which, though the triumph of force was before his eyes, he declared his belief in the immortality of the people, who still remained to him the representatives of progress, justice,

and liberty. The very day after the suppression of the Communist insurrection, he took his pen and began the history of the nineteenth century. Into this work he threw himself with incredible energy and activity. Within three years three volumes and a half were written and printed; but the struggle could not last long. Had he seen France regaining courage, repairing her moral as well as her material forces, and returning to the nobler and more liberal traditions of a previous age, his wounds might have healed, and he might possibly have lived longer; but seeing the momentary triumph of the passions of the least intelligent part of the community, and the clerical reaction of 1873, he lost all hope of witnessing the resurrection of the soul of France. He grew gradually weaker, and died at Hyères on the 9th of February, 1874, in the full light of noon, as if Nature wished to reward him for his passionate worship of the sun, the source of warmth and life. Waiting for death, he met it without murmur or distress. The peace and trust expressed in the last lines of his will were visible in his grave, calm face:—"Dieu me donne de revoir les miens et ceux que j'ai aimés. Qu'il reçoive mon âme reconnaissante de tant de biens, de tant d'années laborieuses, de tant d'œuvres, de tant d'amitiés."

A few words on Michelet's personal appearance and characteristics must close this sketch. The extraordinary development of his brain and nervous system, exceeding that of every other part of his physical organization, at once struck all who saw him. It was difficult not to forget that he had a body at all, so thin was it and frail-looking. His fine head, disproportionately large for the small frame which it surmounted, looked as if it had been moulded by his mind, so closely did they resemble each other in character.

The upper part of his face—the capacious forehead encircled with white hair, the speaking eyes full of warmth and kindliness, and flashing with poetry and enthusiasm—was all nobleness and majesty, and great intensity of life was ex-

pressed in his thin, dilated nostrils. His mouth was large, and his thin, clearly-cut lips gave a distinct vibratory sound to his speech, every word of which was audible. The lower part of his face, with its heavy square chin, betrayed his plebeian origin, and revealed the material side of his nature, traceable here and there in his later works. But when he spoke, and the thoughts that inspired him flashed through his eyes, their depth and brilliancy cast all that was less attractive into the shade: they never lost their light, for it came from a heart that remained always young. His hair was white when he reached his twenty-fifth year, but after that he did not change—he never grew old. In early life he was precociously mature, but he kept the ardour and vigour of youth to the end.

Never was life better regulated than his. He was at work at six in the morning, and remained shut up in his study till twelve or one, without allowing any one to disturb him; even when travelling or at the sea-side, or in Switzerland, he adhered resolutely to his accustomed hours of work. The afternoon was devoted to social intercourse and exercise; from four to six he was always visible to his friends, and with very rare exceptions retired to rest at ten or half-past, never working at night. He was extremely moderate in his habits, and never took any stimulant but coffee, of which he was passionately fond; he never would accept any dinner or evening engagements: all distractions which might destroy the unity of life and the harmony of thought he systematically avoided. That his mind might be completely free, he preferred that everything about him should remain stationary; he never allowed the cloth that covered his writing-table to be changed, nor the old torn pasteboard boxes which held his papers to be renewed; and his calm, peaceable character perfectly accorded with the regularity of his life. He was simple and affable in his address; and his conversation, a delightful mixture of poetry and wit, never degenerated into

monologue, and, without ever appearing forced or unduly solemn, succeeded in keeping the minds of those with whom he conversed in elevated regions. The traditional old French politeness distinguished his manners; he treated all who came to him, whatever their age or rank, with the same regard, which with him was not mere empty formality, but felt by all to spring from genuine goodness of heart. His dress was always irreproachable; I see him now seated in his arm-chair at his evening reception, in a close-fitting frock-coat on which no speck of dust was ever visible; his trousers strapped over his patent leather shoes, and holding a white handkerchief in his hand, which was delicate and nervous and well-tended like a woman's. As we sat listening to him, the hours slipped quickly away—there was so much depth and fancy in what he said, such joyous serenity and sympathetic kindness, wit without malice, poetry without declamation. At times it appeared as if his conversation were winged, his ideas rushing out with a sudden burst like a cloud of swift arrows, or he would let them fly off one by one like birds with unequal and capricious flight, but without ever pursuing or recalling them; he never developed a subject to its full extent. He was a first-rate talker, and the divine *something* that stamps a man of genius made itself continually felt in his words; modesty gave him an additional grace; he knew how to listen, would ask for advice and information, and allow himself to be contradicted. Even before younger and inferior men he often expressed his ideas most reservedly,

questioning them and seeking to learn what their opinions were. It was not that he pretended to be ignorant of his own worth, for he spoke of his History as "mon monument;" and when inveighing against the use of tobacco, and enumerating the great creative spirits of the century who did not smoke, he added himself to the list, but he did not exaggerate his merit, nor intrude himself on public notice; and, above all, was sagacious enough not to consider himself called upon to play all kinds of parts, and display every conceivable talent. No entreaties could prevail upon him to take an active share in politics; he repelled all advances made with that view, and when after the 2d of December he lost his appointments and was almost reduced to want by his refusal to take the oath, he made no boast of disinterestedness, nor did he seek to make a pedestal for himself out of the public misfortunes. As long as they were in process of composition he had a passionate attachment for his works, but once finished he became indifferent to their fate. He not only despised flattery, but cared little for either praise or blame, and, never soliciting reviews of his books, would smile at the sharpest criticisms if cleverly and wittily written. This serenity of nature and his recluse life were far from quenching the ardour and energy of his spirit; on the contrary, they so nourished and preserved them that he was able to produce forty-five volumes and yet lose none of his warm-heartedness and none of his brilliancy of imagination.

GABRIEL MONOD.

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT.

UPON a day in Ramadan,
 When sunset brought an end of fast,
 And in his station every man
 Prepared to share the glad repast,
 Sate Mohtasim in easy state;
 The rich meats smoked upon the gold,
 The fairest slave of those that wait
 The Caliph's drinking cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
 With garnets set along the brim;
 A lid of amber closed it up:—
 'Twas a great king that gave it him:
 The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
 Mixed it with juice of pomegranate;
 With mountain snow-flakes cooled the drink
 And bore it where the Caliph sate.

Mohtasim's mouth was dry as bone,
 He swept his beard aside to quaff:
 The news-reader, beneath the throne,
 Went droning on with "*ghain*" and "*kaf*."
 The Caliph drew a thirsty breath,
 The reader turned another scroll;
 Suddenly Mohtasim—fierce as death—
 Snatched at his sword,—set down the bowl.

"*Ann' amratan shureefatee*"
 ("Read clear!" cries angry Mohtasim)
 "*Fih lasr 'ind ilj min ulgi.*"
 Trembling the scribe thus read to him
 How "in Ammorra far from home
 "An Arab dame of noble race
 "Was captive to a lord of Roum,
 "And how he smote her on the face:

"And how she cried, in anguish sore,
 "'Ya! Mohtasim!—help! oh, my king!'
 "And how the Kafir smote the more,
 "And mocked, and spake a bitter thing—
 "'Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
 "Must be like Borak's—if he heed—
 "Your prophet's ass—and when he hears
 "He'll come upon a spotted steed!"

The Caliph's Draught.

The Caliph's face waxed fiery-red,
 He clapped the cover on the cup—
 "Keep this same sherbet, slave!" he said,
 "Till such time as I drink it up.
 "Wallah! the stream my draught shall be,
 "And the tent-cloth my palace-wall,
 "Till I have set that lady free
 "And seen that Roumi lord's head fall!"

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
 Announcing, "Thus saith Mohtasim!
 "Let all my valiant soldiers meet,
 "And every horseman bring with him
 "A spotted steed!" so went they forth,
 A sight of marvel and of fear—
 Pied horses prancing fiercely north,
 The crystal cup borne in the rear.

When to Ammoria he did win
 He fought and drove the dogs of Roum,
 And spurred his speckled stallion in,
 And cried "*Labbayki!*" "I am come!"
 Then downward from her prison-place
 The Arab lady joyous came;
 She spread her veil before her face,
 She kissed his feet, she called his name.

She pointed where that lord was laid;
 They drew him forth; he whined for grace.
 Then Mohtasim the Caliph said,
 "She whom thou smotest on the face
 "Had scorn because she called her king;
 "Lo! he is come! and dost thou think
 "To live, who didst this bitter thing
 "While Mohtasim in peace did drink?"

Flashed the swift sword, rolled the lord's head,
 The wicked blood smoked on the sand:
 "Now bring the cup," the Caliph said,
 Lightly he took it in his hand.
 As down his throat the sweet drops ran
 Mohtasim in his saddle laughed,
 And cried, "*Tabâ ashshrab alân,*
 "Wallah! delicious is this draught!"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

I.—THE PAINTER.

AMONG all the many historical places, sacred by right of the feet that have trodden them, and the thoughts that have taken origin within them, which attract the spectator in the storied city of Florence, there is not one, perhaps, more interesting or attractive than the convent of St. Mark, now, by a necessity of state which some approve and some condemn, emptied of its traditional inhabitants. No black and white monk now bars smilingly to profane feminine feet the entrance to the sunny cloister: no brethren of Saint Dominic inhabit the hushed and empty cells. Chapter-house, refectory, library, all lie vacant and open—a museum for the state—a blank piece of public property, open to any chance comer. It would be churlish to complain of a freedom which makes so interesting a place known to the many; but it is almost impossible not to regret the entire disappearance of the old possessors, the preachers of many a fervent age, the eloquent Order which in this very cloister produced so great an example of the orator's undying power. Savonarola's convent, we cannot but feel, might have been one of the few spared by the exigencies of public poverty, that most strenuous of all reformers. On this point, however, whatever may be the stranger's regrets, Italy of course must be the final judge, as we have all been in our day; and Italy has at least the grace of accepting her position as art-guardian and custodian of the precious things of the past, a point in which other nations of the world have been less careful. San Marco is empty, swept and garnished; but at least it is left in perfect good order, and watched over as becomes its importance in the history of Florence and in that of Art. What

stirring scenes, and what still ones, these old walls have seen, disguising their antiquity as they do—but as scarcely any building of their date could do in England—by the harmony of everything around, the homogeneous character of the town! It would be affectation for any observer brought up in the faith, and bred in the atmosphere, of Gothic art, to pretend to any admiration of the external aspect of the ordinary Italian basilica. There is nothing in these buildings except their associations, and sometimes the wealth and splendour of their decorations, pictorial or otherwise, to charm or impress eyes accustomed to Westminster and Notre Dame. The white convent walls shutting in everything that is remarkable within, in straight lines of blank inclosure, are scarcely less interesting outside than is the lofty gable-end which forms the façade of most churches in Florence, whether clothed in shining lines of marble or rugged coat of plaster. The church of San Marco has not even the distinction of this superficial splendour or squalor. It does not appeal to the sympathy of the beholder, as so many Florentine churches did a few years ago, and as the cathedral still does with its stripped and unsightly façade; but stands fast in respectable completeness, looking out upon a sunshiny square, arranged into the smooth prettiness of a very ordinary garden by the new spirit of good order which has come upon Italy. It is difficult, in sight of the shrubs, and flowers, and grass-plats, the peaceable ordinary houses around, to realize that it was here that Savonarola preached to excited crowds, filling up every morcel of standing-ground; and that these homely convent walls, white and blank in the sunshine, were once besieged by mad Florence, wildly seeking the blood of the prophet who

had not given it the miracle it sought. The place is as still now as monotonous peace and calm can make it. Some wrecks of faded pictures keep their places upon the walls, the priests chant their monotonous masses, the bad organ plays worse music—though this is melodious Italy, the country of song; and the only thing that touches the heart in this historical place is a sight that is common in every parish church throughout almost all Catholic countries, at least throughout all Italy—the sight of the handful of homely people who in the midst of their work come in to say their prayers, or having a little leisure, sit down and muse in the soft and consecrated silence. I think no gorgeous *funzione*, no Pontifical High Mass, is half so affecting. Their faces are towards the altar, but nothing is doing there. What are they about? Not recalling the associations of the place, thinking of Savonarola, as we are; but musing upon what is far more close and intimate, their own daily trials and temptations, their difficulties, their anxieties. The coolness and dianness of the place, a refuge from the blazing sun without, now and then a monotonous chanting, or the little tinkle of the bell which rouses them from their thoughts for a moment, and bids every beholder bend a reverent knee in sympathy with what is going on somewhere behind those dim pillars—some Low Mass in an unseen chapel—all this forms a fit atmosphere around those musing souls. And that is the most interesting sight that is to be seen in San Marco, though the strangers who come from afar to visit Savonarola's church and dwelling-place stray about the side chapels and gaze at the pictures, and take little enough note of the unpicturesque devotion of to-day.

The history of the remarkable convent and church which has thus fallen into the blank uses of a museum on the one hand, and the commonplace routine of a parish on the other, has long ceased to be great; all that was most notable in it indeed—its virtual foundation, or rebuilding, when transferred to the Do-

minican order, its decoration, its tragic climax of power and closely following downfall—were all summed up within the fifteenth century. But it is one of the great charms of the storied cities of Italy that they make the fifteenth century (not to speak of ages still more remote) as yesterday to the spectator, placing him with a loving sympathy in the very heart of the past. I need not enter into the story of the events which gained to the Dominican order possession of San Marco, originally the property of an order of Silvestrini; but may sum them up here, in a few words. For various reasons, partly moral, partly political, a community of Dominicans had been banished to Fiesole, where they lived and longed for years, gazing at their Florence from among the olive gardens, and setting nought by all these rural riches, and by the lovely prospect that enchanted their eyes daily, in comparison with the happiness of getting back again to their beloved town. The vicissitudes of their exile, and the connection of the brotherhood with the special tumults of the time may all be found in Padre Marchese's great work, "San Marco Illustrato," but are at once too detailed and too vague to be followed here. In process of time they were allowed to descend the hill to San Giorgio on the other side of the Arno, which was still a partial banishment; and at last regained popularity and influence so completely that the naughty Silvestrini were compelled to relinquish their larger house, and marched out of San Marco aggrieved and reluctant across the bridge, while the Reformed Dominicans, with joyful chanting of psalms, streamed across in procession to the new home, which was not only a commodious habitation, but a prize of virtue. Perhaps this kind of transfer was not exactly the way to make the brethren love each other; but history says nothing more of the Silvestrini. The Dominicans do not seem to have had, immediately at least, so pleasant a removing as they hoped, for their new convent was dilapidated, and scarcely inhabitable. Cosmo de Medici, the

first great chief of that ambitious family, the wily and wise founder of its fortunes, the Pater Patriæ, whom Florence not long before had summoned back to guide and rule the turbulent city, took the case of the monks in hand. He rebuilt their convent for them, while they encamped in huts and watched over the work. And when it was so far completed as to be habitable, royal Cosmo gave a commission to a certain monk among them skilled in such work, to decorate with pictures the new walls. These decorations, and the gentle, simple, uneventful life of this monk and his brethren, furnish a soft prelude to the stormy strain of further story of which San Marco was to be the subject. Its period of fame and greatness, destined to conclude in thunders of excommunication, in more tangible thunders of assault and siege, in popular violence, tragic anguish, and destruction, began thus with fluttings of angels, with soft triumphs of art, with such serene, sweet quiet, and beautiful industry, as may be exercised, who knows, in the outer courts of heaven itself. A stranger introduction to the passion and struggle of Savonarola's prophetic career could scarcely be, than that which is contained in this gentle chapter of conventual existence, at its fairest and brightest, which no one can ignore who steps across the storied threshold of San Marco, and is led to the grave silence of Prior Girolamo's cell between two lines of walls from which soft faces look at him like benedictions, fresh (or so it seems) from Angelico's tender hand.

The painter whom we know by this name, which is not his name any more than it is the name of the Angelical doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, or the Angelical father, Saint Francis, was born in the neighbourhood of Florence, in (as Padre Marchese describes it) the fertile and fair province of Mugello—in the latter part of the fourteenth century. His name was Guido di Pietro; Guido, the son of Peter—evidently not with any further distinction of lineage. Where he studied his divine art, or by

whom he was taught, is not known. Vasari suggests that he was a pupil of Starnina, and Eyre and Cavalcaselle imagine that more likely the Starnina traditions came to him through Masolino or Masaccio, and that he formed his style upon that of Orcagna. These, however, do not seem much more than conjectures, and the only facts known of his simple history are that in 1407, when he was twenty, his brother and he taking the names of Benedetto and Giovanni, together entered the Dominican order in the convent at Fiesole. This community had a troubled life for some years, and the young disciples were sent to Cortona, where there are various pictures which testify to the fact that Fra Giovanni was already a painter of no mean power. All the dates however of this early part of his life are confused, and the story uncertain; for indeed it is probable no one knew that the young monk was to become the Angelical painter, the glory of his convent, and one of the wonders of his age. What is certain, however, is, that he returned from Cortona, and lived for many years in the convent of San Dominico, half way up to Fiesole, upon the sunny slopes where nothing ventures to grow that does not bear fruit; where flowers are weeds, and roses form the hedges, and the lovely cloudy foliage of the olive affords both shade and wealth. There is not very much record of the painter in all those silent cloistered years. Books which he is said to have illuminated with exquisite grace and skill are doubtfully appropriated by critics to his brother or to humbler workers of their school, and the few pictures which seem to belong to this period have been injured in some cases, and in others destroyed. Fra Giovanni performed all his monastic duties with the devotion of the humblest brother; and lived little known, without troubling himself about fame, watching no doubt the nightly sunsets and moon-rises over that glorious Val d'Arno which shone and slumbered at his feet, and noting silently how the mountain watchers stood round about, and the

little Tuscan hills on a closer level stretched their vine garlands like hands each to the other, and drew near, a wistful friendly band, to see what Florence was doing. Florence, heart and soul of all, lay under him, as he took his moonlight meditative stroll on the terrace or gazed and mused out of his narrow window. One can fancy that the composition of that lovely landscape stole into the painter's eye and worked itself into his works, in almost all of which some group of reverent spectators, Dominican brethren with rapt faces, or saintly women, or angel lookers-on more ethereal still, stand by and watch with adoring awe the sacred mysteries transacted in their presence, with something of the same deep calm and hush which breathes about the blue spectator heights round the City of Flowers. What Fra Giovanni saw was not what we see. No noble dome had yet crowned the Cathedral, and Giotto's Campanile, divinely tall, fair and light as a lily stalk, had not yet thrown itself up into mid air; nothing but the rugged grace of the old Tower of the Signoria—contrasting now in picturesque characteristic Tuscan humanity with the more heavenly creations that rival it—raised up then its protecting standard from the lower level of ancient domes and lofty houses, soaring above the Bargello and the Badia, in the days of the Angelical painter. But there was enough in this, with all its summer hazes and wintry brightness, with the shadows that flit over the wide landscape like some divine breath, and the broad, dazzling, rejoicing glow of the Italian sun, and Arno glimmering through the midst like a silver thread, and white castellos shining further and further off in the blue distance up to the very skirt of Apennine, to inspire his genius. In those days men said little about Nature, and did not even love her, the critics think—rather had to find out how to love her, when modern civilization came to teach them how. But if Fra Giovanni, pacing his solitary walk upon that mount of vision at San Dominico, evening after evening, year

after year, did not note those lights and shades and atmospheric changes, and lay up in his still soul a hundred variations of sweet colour, soft glooms, and heavenly shadows, then it is hard to think where he got his lore, and harder still that Heaven should be so prodigal of a training which was not put to use. Heaven is still prodigal, and nature tints her pallet with as many hues as ever; but there is no Angelical painter at the windows of San Dominico to take advantage of them now.

The Florence to which these monks were so eager to return, and where eventually they came, carrying their treasures in procession, making the narrow hill-side ways resound with psalms, and winding in long trains of black and white through the streets of their regained home—was at that time, amid all its other tumults and agitations (and these were neither few nor light), in the full possession of that art-culture which lasted as long as there was genius to keep it up, and which has made the city now one of the treasuries of the world. The advent of a new painter was still something to stir the minds of a people who had not so many ages before called one of their streets "Allegri," because of the joy and pride of the town over Cimabue's sad Madonna. There is little evidence, however, that Florence knew much of the monk's work, who, as yet, was chiefly distinguished, it would seem, as a miniaturist and painter of beautiful manuscripts. But wily Cosmo, the father of his country, could have done few things more popular, and likely to enhance his reputation, than his liberality in thus encouraging and developing another genius for the delight and credit of the city. Almost before the cloister was finished, historians suppose, Fra Giovanni had got his hands on the smooth white wall, so delightful to a painter's imagination. We do not pretend to determine the succession of his work, and say where he began; but it is to be supposed that the cloister and chapter-house, as first completed, would afford him his first opportunity. No doubt

there were many mingled motives in that noble and fine eagerness to decorate and make beautiful their homes which possessed the minds of the men of that gorgeous age, whether in the world or the church. For the glory of God, for the glory of the convent and order, for the glory of Florence, which every Florentine sought with almost more than patriotic ardour—the passion of patriotism gaining, as it were, in intensity when circumscribed in the extent of its object—the monks of San Marco must have felt a glow of generous pride in their growing gallery of unique and original pictures. The artist himself, however, worked with a simple unity of motive little known either in that or any other age. He painted his pictures as he said his prayers, out of pure devotion. So far as we are informed, Fra Giovanni, of the order of Preachers, was no preacher, by word or doctrine. He had another way of edifying the holy and convincing the sinner. He could not argue or exhort, but he could set before them the sweetest heaven that ever appeared to poetic vision, the tenderest friendly angels, the gentlest and loveliest of virgin mothers. Neither profit nor glory came to the monk in his convent. He began his work on his knees, appealing to his God for the inspiration that so great an undertaking required, and—carrying with him the *défauts de ses qualités*, as all men of primitive virtue do—declined with gentle obstinacy to make any change or improvement after, in the works thus conceived under the influence of Heaven. While he was engaged in painting a crucifix, Vasari tells us, the tears would run down his cheeks, in his vivid realization of the Divine suffering therein expressed. Thus it was with the full fervour of a man who feels himself at last entered upon the true mission of his life, and able, once and for all, to preach in the most acceptable way the truth that had been dumb within him, that the Angelical painter began his work. The soft and heavenly inspiration in it has never been questioned, and the mind of the

looker-on, after these long centuries, can scarcely help expanding with a thrill of human sympathy to realize the profound and tender satisfaction of that gentle soul, thus enabled to paint his best, to preach his best, in the way God had endowed him for, with the additional happiness and favour of high heaven, that his lovely visions were to be the inheritance of his brethren and sons in the Church, the only succession an ecclesiastic could hope for.

It would appear, however, that the interior of San Marco must have been so soon ready for Fra Giovanni's beautifying hand, that he had but little time to expend himself on the cloisters which are now bright with the works of inferior artists. It would be difficult to convey to any one who has not stood within an Italian cloister, and felt the warm brightness of the pictured walls cheer his eyes and his heart, even when the painters have not been great, or the works very remarkable—the special charm and sweetness of those frescoed decorations. The outer cloister of San Marco glows with pictures—not very fine, perhaps, yet with an interest of their own. There the stranger who has time, or cares to look at the illustrations of a past age, may read the story of Sant Antonino, who was distinguished as the good Archbishop of Florence, and canonized accordingly, to the great glory of his order, and honour of his convent. But Antonino himself was one of the brethren who stood by and watched and admired Fra Giovanni's work on the new walls. Was the first of all, perhaps, that crucifix which faces the spectator as he enters, at the end of the cloister, double expression of devotion to Christ crucified and Dominic his servant? It is the most important of Angelico's works in this outer inclosure. Our gentle painter could not paint agony or the passion of suffering, which was alien to his heavenly nature. The figure on the cross, here as elsewhere, is beautiful in youthful resignation and patience, no suffering Son of God, but a celestial symbol of depths into which

the painter could not penetrate; but the kneeling figure, in the black and white robes of the order, which clasps the cross in a rapt embrace, and raises a face of earnest and all-absorbing worship to the Divine Sufferer, embodies the whole tradition of monastic life in its best aspect. No son of St. Dominic could look at that rapt figure without a clearer sense of the utter self-devotion required of himself as Dominic's follower, the annihilation of every lesser motive and lesser contemplation than that of the great sacrifice of Christianity—example and consecration of all sacrifices, which his vow bound him to follow and muse upon all his life through. This picture fills something of the same place as the blazon of a knightly house over its warlike gates is meant to do. It is the tradition, the glory, the meaning of the order all in one, as seen by Angelico's beauty-loving eyes, as well as by those stern, glowing eyes of Savonarola, who was to come; and perhaps even in their dull, ferocious, mistaken way by the Torquemados, who have brought St. Dominic to evil fame. For Christ, and Christ alone, counting no cost; thinking of nothing but conquering the world for Him; conceiving of no advance but by the spreading of His kingdom—yet, alas! with only every individual's narrow human notion of what that kingdom was, and which the way of spreading it. In Florence, happily, at that moment, the Reformed Dominicans, in the warmth of their revival, could accept the blazon of their Order thus set forth, with all their hearts. They had renewed their dedication of themselves to that perpetual preaching of Christ's sacrifice and imitation of His self-renunciation, which was the highest meaning of their vows; and no doubt each obscure father, each musing humble novice in his white gown felt a glow of rapt enthusiasm as he watched the new picture grow into life, and found in the absorbed face of the holy founder of his Order, at once the inspiration and reflection of his own.

The other little pictures in this cloister which are pure Angelico are en-

tirely conventual, addressed to the brethren, as was natural in this, the centre of their common existence. Peter Martyr, one of their most distinguished saints, stands over one doorway, finger on lip, suggesting the silence that befitted a grave community devoted to the highest studies and reflections. Over another door are two Dominican brethren, receiving (it is the guest-chamber of the monastery) the Redeemer Himself, worn with travel, to their hospitable shelter. Curiously enough, the beautiful, gentle, young traveller, with his pilgrim's hat falling from his golden curls, which is the best representation our gentle Angelico could make—always angelical, like his name—of the Lord of life, might almost have served as model for that other beautiful, gentle, young peasant Christ, whom another great painter, late in this nineteenth century, has given forth to us as all he knows of the central figure of the world's history. Mr. Holman Hunt has less excuse than the mild monk whose very gospel was beauty, for so strange a failure in conception. To some has been given the power to make Christ, to others contadini, as the two rival sculptors said to each other. Angelico rarely advances above this low ideal. His angels are lovely beyond description; he understood the unity of a creature more ethereal than flesh and blood, yet made up of soft submission, obedience, devotedness—beautiful human qualities; but the contact of the human with the divine was beyond him—as, indeed, might be said of most painters. There can be little doubt that this difficulty of representing anything that could satisfy the mind as God in the aspect of full-grown man, has helped more than anything else to give to the group of the Mother and the Child such universal acceptance in the realms of art—a pictorial necessity thus lending its aid in the fixing of dogma, and still more in the unanimous involuntary bias given to devotion. The Christ-child has proved within the powers of many painters; for, indeed, there is some-

thing of the infinite in every child—unfathomable possibilities, the boundless charm of the unrealized, in which everything may be, while yet nothing certainly is. But who has ever painted the Christ-man? unless we may take the pathetic shadow of that sorrowful head in Leonardo's ruined *Cenacolo*—the very imperfection of which helps us to see a certain burdened divinity in its melancholy lines—for success. Sorely burdened indeed, and sad to death, is that countenance, which is the only one we can think of which bears anything of the dignity of Godhead in the looks of man; but it is very different from the beautiful, weak, fatigued young countryman who is so often presented to us as the very effigy of Him who is the King and Saviour of humanity, as well as the Lamb of God.

Angelico never, or very rarely, got beyond this gentle ideal of suffering innocence, enduring with unalterable patience. Perhaps in his "*Scourging*" there may be a gleam of higher meaning, or in that crowned figure which crowns the humble mother; but the type is always the same. It is curious to note how this incapacity works. In the great picture in the chapter-house of San Marco, which opens from this cloister, and is the most important single work in the convent, the spectator merely glances at the figure on the cross, which ought to be the centre of the picture. It really counts for nothing in the composition. The attendant saints are wonderfully noble, and full of varied expression; but the great act which attracts their gaze is little more than a conventional emblem of that event; the Virgin, it is true, swoons at the foot of the cross, but the spectator sees no reason except a historical one for her swoon, for the cross itself is faint and secondary, curiously behind the level of Ambrose, and Augustine, and Francis, who look up with faces full of life at that mysterious abstraction. Underneath that solemn assembly of fathers and founders—for almost all are heads of orders, except the Medical saints Cosmo and Damian, who hold their

place there in compliment to the Medici—the monks of San Marco have deliberated for four centuries. There, no doubt, Pope Eugenius sat with the pictured glory over him; there Savonarola presided over his followers, and encouraged himself and them with revelations and prophecy. If we may venture to interpose among such historic memories a scene of loftiest fiction, more vivid than history—there the Prior of San Marco received the noble Florentine woman, Romola. The picture survives everything—long ages of peace, brief storms of violence in which moments count for years; and again the silent ages—quiet, tranquillity, monotony, tedium. Jerome and Augustine, Francis and Dominic, with faces more real than our own, have carried on a perpetual adoration ever since, and never drooped or failed.

The new dormitory, which Cosmo, the father of his country, and his architect, Michelozzi, built for the monks, does not seem originally to have been of the character which we usually assign to a convent. It was one large room, like a ward in a hospital—like the long chamber in Eton College—with a row of small arched windows on either side, each of which apparently gave a little light and a limited span of space to the monk whose bed flanked the window. To decorate this large, bare room seems to have been the Angelical Painter's next grand piece of work. Other hands besides his were engaged upon it. His brother, Fra Benedetto, took some of the subjects in hand—subjects, alas, passed by now by the spectator, who takes but little interest in Benedetto's renderings. How pleasant is the imagination thus conjured up! The bustling pleased community settling itself in its new house, arranging its homely crucifixes, its few books, its tables for work, parchments and ink and colours for its illuminated manuscripts, great branch of monkish industry; here an active brother leaving a little room in the beehive, going out upon the business of the convent, aiding or watching the workmen outside; here a homely Fra

Predicatore meditating in his corner, with what quiet was possible, his sermon for next fast or festa; there, bending over their work with fine brush and careful eye, the illuminators, the writers, elaborating their perfect manuscript; and all the while—tempting many a glance, many a criticism, many a whispered communication—the picture going on, in which one special brother or other must have taken a lively, jealous interest, seeing it was his special corner which was being thus illustrated! One wonders if the monks were jealous on whose bit of wall Benedetto worked, instead of Giovanni—or whether there might be a party in the convent who considered Giovanni an over-rated brother, and believed Benedetto to have quite as good a right to the title of “Angelico!” For their own sakes let us hope it was so, and that good Fra Benedetto painted for his own set; while at the same time there can be little doubt that the difference between him and his brother would be much less strongly marked than now. Thus all together the community carried on its existence. Perhaps a humorous recollection of the hum which must have reached him as he stood painting on his little scaffolding, induced the painter to plan that warning figure of the martyred Peter over the doorway below, serious, with finger on his lip; for it could scarcely be in human nature that all those friars with consciences void of offence, approved of by Pope and people—a new house built for them, warm with the light of princely favour; and the sunshine shining in through all those arched windows, throwing patches of brightness over the new-laid tiles—and the Florentine air, gay with summer, making merry like ethereal wine their Tuscan souls—should have kept silence like melancholy Trappists of a later degenerate age. To be a monk in those days was to be a busy, well-occupied, and useful man, in no way shut out from nature. I should like to have stepped into that long room when the bell called them all forth to chapel, and noted where Angelico put

down his brush, how the scribe paused in the midst of a letter, and the illuminator in a gorgeous golden drapery, and the preacher with a sentence half-ended—and nothing but the patches of sunshine, and the idle tools held possession of the place. No thought then of thunders which should shake all Florence, of prophecies and prophets; nothing but gentle industry, calm work—that calmest work which leaves the artist so much time for gentle musing, for growth of skill, poetic thoughtfulness. And when the scaffolding was removed, and another and another picture fully disclosed in delicate sweet freshness of colour—soft fair faces looking out of the blank wall, clothing them with good company, with solace and protection—what a flutter of pleasure must have stolen through the brotherhood, what pleasant excitement, what critical discussions, fine taste, enlightened and superior, against simple enthusiasm! It is almost impossible not to fear that there must have been some conflict of feeling between the brother who had but a saintly Annunciation, too like the public and common property of that picture called the “Capo le Scale,” and him who was blessed with the more striking subject of the “Scourging,” so quaint and fine; or him who proudly felt himself the possessor of that picturesque glimpse into the invisible—the opened gates of Limbo, with the father of mankind pressing to the Saviour’s feet. Happy monks, busy and peaceable! half of them no doubt at heart believed that his own beautiful page, decked by many a gorgeous king and golden saint, would last as long as the picture; and so they have done, as you may see in the glass-cases in the library, where all those lovely chorales and books of prayer are preserved; but not like Angelico. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars.

It does not seem to be known at what time this large dormitory was divided, as we see it now, in a manner which still more closely recalls to us the boys’ rooms in a good

"house" in Eton, into separate cells. No doubt it is more dignified, more conventual, more likely to have promoted the serious quiet which ought to belong to monastic life; but one cannot help feeling that here and there a friendly, simple-minded brother must have regretted the change. Each cell has its own little secluded window, deep in the wall, its own patch of sunshine, its own picture. There is no fireplace, or other means of warming the little chamber between its thick walls; but no doubt then, as now, the monks had their scaldins full of wood embers, the poor Italian's immemorial way of warming himself. And between the window and the wall, on the left side, is the picture—dim—often but dimly seen, faded out of its past glory—sometimes less like a picture at all than some celestial shadow on the grey old wall, some sweet phantasmagoria of lovely things that have passed there, and cannot be quite effaced from the very stones that once saw them. For my own part, I turn from all Angelico's more perfect efforts, from the "*Madonna della Stella*," glistening in gold, which is so dear to the traveller, and all the well-preserved examples with their glittering backgrounds, to those heavenly shadows in the empty cells—scratched, defaced, and faded as so many of them are. The gentle old monk comes near to the modern spectator, the pilgrim who has crossed hills and seas to see all that is left of what was done in such a broad and spontaneous flood of inspiration. Those saints, with their devout looks, the musing Virgin, the rapt Dominic; those sweet spectator angels, so tenderly curious, sympathetic, wistful, serviceable; those lovely soft embodiments of womanly humbleness, yet exultation, the Celestial Mother bending to receive her crown. They are not pictures, but visions painted on the dim conscious air not by vulgar colour and pencil, but by prayers and gentle thoughts.

There are two other separate cells in San Marco more important than these, yet closely belonging to this same early and peaceful chapter of the convent's

story. We do not speak of the line of little chambers each blazoned with a copy of the crucifix below in the cloister with the kneeling St. Dominic, which are called the cells of the Giovinati or Novices, and which conclude in the sacred spot where Savonarola's great existence passed. That is a totally different period of the tale, requiring different treatment, and calling forth other emotions. We do not look that way in this preliminary sketch, but rather turn to the other hand where Sant Antonino lived as Archbishop, and where still some relics of him remain, glorious vestments of cloth of gold beside the hair shirt, instrument of deepest mortification; and to the little chamber which it is reported Cosmo de Medici built for himself, and where he came when he wished to discourse in quiet with the Archbishop, whose shrewd, acute, and somewhat humorous countenance looks down upon us from the wall. This chamber is adorned with one of Angelico's finest works, "*The Adoration of the Magi*," a noble composition, and has besides in a niche a pathetic Christ painted over a little altar sunk in the deep wall. Here Cosmo came to consult with his Archbishop (the best, they say, that Florence had then had), and, in earlier days, to talk to his Angelical Painter as the works went on, which Cosmo was wise to see would throw some gleam of fame upon himself as well as on the convent. With all the monks together in the long room where Angelico painted his frescoes it may well be imagined that this place of retirement was essential; and when that long-headed and far-seeing father of his country had been taken, no doubt with an admiring following of monks, to see the last new picture, as one after another was completed, and had given his opinion and the praise which was expected of him, no doubt both painter and prince were glad of the quiet retirement where they could talk over what remained to do, and plan perhaps a greater work here and there—the throned Madonna in the corridor, with again the

Medician saints, holy physicians, Cosmo and Damian, at her feet—or discuss the hopeful pupils whom Angelico was training, Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, thereafter known to fame.

All is peaceful, tranquil, softly melodious in this beginning of the conventual existence. Pope Eugenius himself came, at the instance of the Pater Patriæ, to consecrate the new-built house, and lived in these very rooms, to the glory and pride of the community. Thus everything set out in an ideal circle of goodness and graciousness; a majestic Pope, humble enough to dwell in the very cloister with the Dominicans, blessing their home for them; a wise prince coming on frequent visits, half living among them, with a cell called by his name where he might talk with his monkish friends; a great painter working lowly and busy among the humblest of the brethren, taking no state upon him—though a great painter was as a prince in art-loving Florence; and when the time to give San Marco the highest of honours came, another brother taken from among them to be Archbishop of the great city; while all the time those pictures, for which princes would have striven, grew at each monk's bedhead, his dear especial property, gladdening his eyes and watching over his slumbers. Was there ever a more genial, peaceful beginning, a more prosperous, pleasant house?

The way in which Antonino came to be Archbishop is very characteristic, too. At the period of his visit, no doubt, Pope Eugenius learned to know Angelico, and to admire the works which he must have seen growing under the master's hand; nor could he have failed to know the devotion of which those pictures were the expressive language, the intense celestial piety of the modest Frate. Accordingly, when the Pope went back to Rome he called the Angelical Painter to him to execute some work there, and with the primitive certainty of his age that excellence in one thing must mean excellence in all, offered to Fra Giovanni the vacant see of Florence. Modest Fra Giovanni

knew that, though it was in him to paint, it was not in him to govern monks and men, to steer his way through politics and public questions, and rule a self-opinioned race like those hard-headed Tuscans. He told the head of the Church that this was not his vocation, but that in his convent there was another Frate whose shoulders were equal to the burden. The Pope took his advice, as any calif in story might have taken the recommendation of a newly chosen vizier; such things were possible in primitive times; and Antonino was forthwith called out of his cell, and from simple monk was made Archbishop, his character, there is little doubt, being well enough known to give force to Angelico's representation in his favour. This event would seem to have happened in the year 1445, three years after the visit of Eugenius to San Marco, and it seems doubtful whether Angelico ever returned to Florence after his comrade's elevation to this dignity. He stayed and painted in Rome till the death of Eugenius—then appeared a little while in Orvieto, where he seems to have been accompanied by his pupil Benozzo, and then returned to Rome to execute some commissions for the new Pope Nicholas. San Marco had been finished before this, with greater pomp and beauty than I have attempted to tell; for the great altarpiece has gone out of the church, and other works have fallen into decay or have been removed, and now dwell, dimmed by restoration and cleaning, in the academy of the Belli Arti, where it is not my business to follow them, my interest lying in San Marco only. At Rome the gentle Angelico died, having painted to the end of his life with all the freshness of youth. He was fifty when he came down the slopes from Fiesole, singing among his brethren, to make his new convent beautiful; he was sixty-eight when he died at Rome, but with no failing strength or skill. The Angelical Painter lies not in his own San Marco, but in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome; but all the same he

lives in Florence within the walls he loved, in the cells he filled full of beauty and pensive celestial grace—and which now are dedicated to him, and hold his memory fresh as in a shrine; dedicated to him—and to one other memory as different from his as morning is from evening. Few people are equally interested in the two spirits which dwell within the empty convent; to some Angelico is all its past contains—to some Savonarola; but both are full of the highest meaning, and the one does not interfere with the other. The prophet-martyr holds a distinct place from that of the painter-monk. The two stories are separate, one sweet and soft as the "hidden brook" in the "leafy month of June," with the sound of which the poet consoles his breathless reader after straining his nerves to awe and terror. Like Handel's Pastoral Symphony piping under the moonlight, amid the dewy fields, full of heavenly subdued gladness and triumph, is the prelude which this gentle chapter of art and peace makes to the tragedy to follow. Angelico, with all his skill, prepared and made beautiful the house in which—with aims more splendid than his, and a mark more high, but not more devout or pure—another Frate was to bring art and beauty to the tribunal of Christ and judge them, as Angelico himself, had his painter-heart permitted him, would have done as stoutly, rejecting the loveliness that was against God's ways and laws, no less than Savonarola. Their ways of serving were different, their inspiration the same.

The traditions of the Angelical Painter's pious life which Vasari, the primary authority on the subject, has left to us, are very beautiful. The simple old narrative of the first art-historian, always when it is possible to be so, is laudatory, and finally bursts into a strain of almost musical eulogy in the description of the gentle Frate. "He was of simple and pious manners," he tells us. "He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must be now

in heaven. He painted incessantly, but never would lay his hand to any subject not saintly. He might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He might have ruled over many, but would not, saying that obedience was easier and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed dignities among his brethren, and beyond. He disdained them, affirming that he sought for none other than might be consistent with a successful avoidance of Hell and the attainment of Paradise. Humane and sober, he lived chastely, avoiding the errors of the world, and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should live with Christ. He was never known to indulge in anger with his brethren—a great, and to my opinion all but unattainable, quality; and he never admonished but with a smile. With wonderful kindness he would tell those who sought his work, that if they got the consent of the prior he should not fail. . . . He never retouched or altered anything he had once finished, but left it as it had turned out, the will of God being that it should be so." Such is the touching picture which the old biographer of painters has left to us. His facts it seems probable (or so at least Padre Marchese thinks, the living historian of the order) came from one of the brotherhood of San Marco, Fra Eustastius, an eminent miniaturist of the convent. These details, vague though they are, bring before us the gentle painter—peaceable, modest, kind, yet endowed with a gentle obstinacy, and limited, as is natural to a monk, within the strait horizon of his community. It is told of him that when invited to breakfast with Pope Nicholas, the simple-minded brother was uneasy not to be able to ask his prior's permission to eat meat, the prior being for him a greater authority than the Pope, in whose hand (Angelico forgot) was the primary power of all indulgences. There could not be a better instance of the soft, submissive, almost domestic narrow-

ness of the great painter, like a child from home, to whom the licence given by a king would have no such reassuring authority as the permission of father or mother. This beautiful narrow-mindedness—for in such a case it is permissible to unite the two words—told, however, on a more extended scale even on his genius. The Angelical monk was as incapable of understanding evil as a child. His atmosphere was innocence, holiness, and purity. To pure and holy persons he could give a noble and beautiful individuality; but absolute ugliness, grotesque and unreal, was all the notion he had of the wicked. To his cloistered soul the higher mystery of beautiful evil was unknown, and his simple nature ignored the many shades of that pathetic side of moral downfall in which an unsuccessful struggle has preceded destruction. He had no pity for, because he had no knowledge of, no more than a child, the agony of failure, or those faint tints of difference which sometimes separate the victors from the vanquished. While the fair circle of the saved glide, dancing in a ring, into the flowery gardens of Paradise—a very “Decameron” group of holy joy, in his great “Last Judgment”—the lost fly

hopeless to the depths of hell, ugly, distorted, without a redeeming feature. It was his primitive way of representing evil—hideous, repulsive, as to his mind it could not but appear. He loathed ugliness as he loathed vice, and what so natural as that they should go together? Fra Giovanni showed his impartiality by mingling among his groups of the lost, here and there, a mitred bishop and cowed monk, to show that even a profession of religion was not infallible: but he had not the higher impartiality of permitting to those huddled masses any comeliness or charm of sorrow, but damned them frankly as a child does, and in his innocence knew no ruth.

Thus ends the first chapter of the history of St. Mark's convent at Florence—a story without a discordant note in it, which has left nothing behind but melodious memories and relics full of beauty. It is of this the stranger must chiefly think as he strays through the silent, empty cells, peopled only by saints and angels; until indeed he turns a corner of the dim corridor, and finds himself in presence of a mightier spirit. Let us leave the gentle preface in its holy calm. The historian may well pause before he begins the sterner but nobler strain.

THE PERSIAN POET HÁFIZ.

Of all Persian writers, Háfiz is the only one who has any claim to be considered as, in any sense, a universal poet; his are the only songs which have spread an influence beyond his own nation or the circle of Islám, and have even touched, however faintly, a chord that has vibrated to the ear of Christendom. There have been deeper thinkers in Persia; the author of the "Masnavi," for instance, has sounded depths in the human heart of which Háfiz never dreamed; but he has never won a tenth of the fame which his more genial fellow-countryman has achieved. It is the old contest of Burns against Wordsworth,—only, to suit the Persian comparison, we must divest Wordsworth of all his lighter poems, and leave him alone with the "Excursion" and the "Prelude." Háfiz has appealed to the universal sympathies of his countrymen: his imagination has sought to elevate common life and its feelings; and his poetry has become in consequence more widely popular than that of any other Eastern author. We could hardly find a collection of Persian MSS. in any town in Persia or India, but amid the number, however limited and tattered, a copy of the "Díwán" of Háfiz would infallibly turn up. His poems have been even adopted as an oracle, like the "Sortes Virgilianæ" of the West; and many are the current legends of the felicitous answers which they have returned to their votaries. Thus Nádir Sháh had driven the Afgháns out of Irák and Fárs, but the northern province of Azarbaiján was still in the possession of the Turks; and his army was pressing him to return home after his conquests, while his own ambition urged him on to achieve something new. In this dilemma, his secretary and historian relates that he consulted the oracle of Háfiz's odes at the poet's tomb, and the lines on which his eyes chanced to fall were these:—

"By thy sweet song, Háfiz, thou hast conquered Irák and Fárs—

Come on, for it is now the turn of Baghdád and the time for Tabriz."

We need hardly add that he implicitly followed the injunction, and speedily captured Baghdád and Tabriz.

The peculiarity of Háfiz's poetry is the abrupt and strenuous passion which pervades it. He is often Oriental in his extravagant metaphors, but he is never Oriental in repetition and vagueness. His images are struck out at a blow, and a line is often a photograph of a scene. Háfiz, with his intensity of feeling, must have appeared among his contemporaries like a living man amidst a gallery of portraits; and his poems, despite the censures of the Ulemá and the indifference of the Court, carried the nation's approbation by storm. Like the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, he often yielded to the fashion of the time and indulged in the conceits and far-fetched allusions which were sure to win a momentary applause; but while with other poets these were the staple, with him they were only the accidental accessories. Háfiz, in fact, was like Shakespeare's Henry V., and could say of his contemporaries—

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:"

but it was only that he might "show more goodly and attract more eyes," when he was true to his own real character.

An anthology of happy lines and original metaphors might be easily collected from his poems. Thus, in one of his odes he says:—

"Oh tell me not 'be silent and hold thy breath,'

For thou canst not say 'be silent' to the birds in the garden"—

a line which at once expresses the careless outpourings of his genius. Or,

again, we have the more spiritual side of his nature in such outbursts as the following :—

"I have estimated Reason's foresight in the path of Love,—

'Tis but the drop of dew that writes its one mark on the ocean !"

But a few of his selected odes, translated entire, will give a better idea of his poetry, so unlike anything Western, and so peculiarly representative of all that is best in Persian thought.

If we ask for information about the poet himself, biographers can tell us hardly anything. In fact, a curious parallel might be easily drawn between the personal history of Háfiz and Shakespeare. Shakespeare's life, as we all know, is nearly a blank ; two or three dates, and one or two unimportant incidents, are all that we know of it ; and most of his works were left unpublished during his lifetime, and were consequently published after his death in that corrupt state which has given such endless trouble to subsequent editors. In the same way we hardly know anything of the life of Háfiz. We know that the inscription on his tomb near Shíráz gives A.H. 791 (A.D. 1388) as the year of his death, and so too the pretty mnemonic stanza or *tárikh*,—

"Kh'ájah Háfiz was the lamp of the spiritually-minded,

An illumination from the divine splendour ;

As he made his dwelling while alive in the earth of Musallá,

Seek in the 'earth of Musallá' the date of his death."

Musallá is a favourite resort near Shíráz, often celebrated in the poet's verses, and the letters of the words *Khák-i Musallá*, when their respective numerical values are summed up, give the date 791. Other authorities, however, give the date as 792 or 794. The year of his birth is quite unknown.

A similar fate has likewise befallen his works. Copies of his odes, no doubt, were continually circulated abroad in his lifetime ; but he himself appears to have published no authentic edition of his poems. All his biographers agree that

his poems were arranged, as a *Díwán*, in their present alphabetical order, by his friends after his death ; and the several copies of his odes, as they are found in different countries, vary to an almost incredible extent. There is only one comfort to be drawn from the collation—the variations are confined to the commonplace portions of the book. The really fine lines are found alike in every copy ; they were not the product which a forger could manufacture.

Almost as little is known of the direct incidents of his life as of Shakespeare's. We have several apocryphal anecdotes, but they are generally devoid of all claims to credibility. Thus one of the best perhaps is that relating to the great *Timúr*. When he took Shíráz in 1393, he is said to have summoned the poet into his presence, and, in allusion to a line in one of his odes, "I would give for the black mole on thy cheek Samarkand and Bokhára," to have sternly asked how he dared to make free with the conqueror's hereditary domains. Háfiz, nothing daunted, answered, "Yes, Sire, and it is by such acts of extravagance that I am reduced to my present state of poverty." *Timúr* is said to have been pleased with the poet's ready wit, and to have bestowed on him some splendid marks of his favour. But the story, pleasant as it is, collapses on a comparison of dates. *Timúr* did not take Shíráz until 1393, and the poet died in 1388, or even, by the latest date, in 1391.

There is, however, a little incident told in *Farishta's History of the Bahmaní Kings of the Dakhan*, in the reign of *Mahmúd Sháh*, which there is more reason to believe genuine. The *Vazír* had sent Háfiz a present from the King, and a letter from himself, promising that if he would come to the Bahmaní capital, *Kulbarga*, he should be handsomely rewarded, and have a safe-conduct back to Shíráz. Háfiz, from these kind assurances, consented, and having disposed of the articles sent to him among his relations and creditors, quitted Shíráz, and arrived safely at *Lár*, where with part of his money he assisted a friend who had been robbed.

From Lár he was accompanied to Ormuz by two friends, who were also going to visit India. With them he took shipping in one of the royal vessels which had arrived at Ormuz from the Dakhan; but it had scarcely weighed anchor when a gale of wind arose, and the ship, being in danger, returned to port. Háfiz wrote an ode and delivered it to his friends to give to the Vazír, but he himself had had enough of the sea, and returned to his old home in Shíráz.

The ode itself is found in the poet's works, and I may quote a few of its best lines:—

"The whole world is dearly bought by a single moment spent in sorrow;
Let us sell our derwish-garments for wine,
there is naught better than this.

The pomp of a Sultan's crown, under which is folded ceaseless fear for one's life,—

It may be a heart-stealing cap, but it is dearly bought by the loss of the head.

The evils of the sea at first seemed easy to me in the hope of the pearl,—

But I erred, for one single wave is dearly bought by a hundred *mans* of gold."

This incident is probably true, as it is gravely related by the great native historian of Mohammedan India, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century; but most of the stories which biographers and commentators have linked to particular odes and lines are as baseless as the legends which occur in such detail in the pseudo-Herodotus' life of Homer. We naturally crave to know something of the external lives of those who have interested us by the records of their inner history; and these anonymous stories inevitably rise up, as by a natural law, to meet the demand. They seem to be always floating about, like the invisible seeds in the air, and they at once settle and germinate when a suitable soil presents itself.

In truth, the only authentic record of Háfiz's life is to be found in such scanty allusions as he himself gives us in his poems. They tell us little of the incidents of his life; but they sometimes throw a ray of light on his

feelings with regard to some of the more striking events which happened in the outer world in his time.

Thus one of the great figures in Persian history during Háfiz's youth was Abú Ishák, the usurping prince of Shíráz, whose open-handed generosity and reckless audacity made him a universal favourite throughout the country. When Abú Saïd's empire fell into confusion, a general scramble had ensued in the different provinces, and Abú Ishák and his brother had seized the province of Fárs, making Shíráz their capital. But Mohammed Muzaffar, the governor of Yazd, the founder of the Muzaffarid dynasty in Persia, gradually extended his power; and ultimately, after a long struggle, Abú Ishák was driven from his capital and betrayed into his enemy's hands. Sháh Sultán, Muzaffar's nephew, immediately sent to seize the person of the unhappy Amir, who, together with one hundred of his most obnoxious adherents, was now conveyed towards Shíráz. The guards intrusted with the care of his person conducted Abú Ishák by unknown roads to the open space or esplanade before the gate of Istakhar (Persepolis), where the Amir Mohammed Muzaffar, with the Ulemá, Kázis, and principal inhabitants, awaited his arrival. Here the devoted captive, being interrogated as to his conduct in the death of a certain Háj Zohráb, and acknowledging without reserve that this person had suffered by his orders, was immediately delivered over to the sons of the same Zohráb, to atone with his blood for the death of their father. The youngest of these struck off his head on the spot with a single stroke of his scimeter.¹ The Persian historian who gives the account of Abú Ishák's death, quotes a tetrastich which he is said to have made just before his death:—

"Strive not with quarrelsome Fortune, but
go thy way;
Wrestle not with the rolling heavens, but
go thy way;

¹ Price's *Mohammedan Hist.*, from a Persian historian.

There is a cup of poison—its name is death, —

Drink it cheerily, empty the dregs on the ground, and go thy way."

This event took place in 1357, and we shall see that Háfiz, who was no doubt at that time living in Shíráz, alludes to it in one of his odes as one of the signal catastrophes of his age.

Háfiz's poems are all in the praise of love and wine, and many have held that they mean nothing more. Some of his odes have been translated under this impression, and of course the translator has inevitably coloured his version with his own views; and hence it is generally thought that Sir W. Jones's epithet, "the Anacreon of Persia," conveys a true description of his poetry. I have chosen twelve characteristic odes from different parts of his works, which, I trust, will give a truer and higher idea of Háfiz. I have not attempted to translate them into verse, because I was afraid of imposing a false form on the original; and I have therefore given a simple and faithful rendering in prose. Each reader must supply to the prose an ideal adorning of metre and rhyme; my translations, in fact, are like the plain woodcut, to which the imagination must add the requisite colouring.

One of the peculiar charms of Háfiz's poetry is that it is so essentially Oriental. Its metaphors, its turns of thought, its local and historical allusions, are all of the East; and we only too easily lose this peculiar aroma, if we put the poem into an inappropriate and Western dress. Another charm to the Oriental reader is the vague mysticism which underlies it everywhere. In some odes it is almost entirely absent, but in others it is unmistakably prominent: and we can never read long without finding its traces. The joys and sorrows of earthly love are the outward dress, but every now and then a deeper chord is touched, and we hear some wail from the soul as it remembers its lost heaven—some echo of the old Indian doctrine of the soul's pre-existence which underlies all Persian poetry, as it does Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

All Persian poetry has this mystical or Súfí character—several, in fact, of the best Persian poets were professed mystics and devotees—but in many of them it is too prominent for a Western reader. It is one of the great merits of Háfiz that he always keeps this higher element in the background; we feel its presence everywhere as a vague, mysterious shadow, but it only passes at intervals before our eyes.

Háfiz is a poet rather than a philosopher, and with him the philosophy is only used to give an undertone of deeper harmony to his song. This fact seems to be distinctly shown in the uncertain traditions as to the precise school of Súfeyism to which he belonged. Thus one biographer says: "Although it is not known that he became the pupil of any particular saint, or attached himself to any particular school, yet his verses are so consonant to that sect that no one can fail to appreciate them." And one great mystical or Súfí teacher expressly says that "no *diwán* is better than that of Háfiz, if only the reader be a Súfí himself to understand it aright!"

The form of poetry which Háfiz has almost exclusively used is that called the *ghazal*. It is an ode which must not exceed seventeen couplets in length, and is usually comprised in seven or eight. The first two lines rhyme, and this rhyme (which frequently extends to three or four syllables) recurs throughout the ode at the end of every second line, the intermediate lines being left free. The different couplets need have no direct connection; the idea of the *ghazal* is a collection of pearls which are strung together on the rhyme as on a string; but in the last couplet the poet always introduces his own name, just as Horace introduces his at the end of his shorter *Carmen Seculare*.

I.

"If thou drinkest wine, pour a draught on the ground :¹

¹ This custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia. Omar Khayyám says, "Every draught

Wherefore fear the sin which brings to
another gain?

Go, drink all thou hast,—keep nothing
back, nor spare,

For unsparing doth Destiny smite all with
her sword of destruction.

Oh by the dust of thy foot I adjure thee,
my graceful cypress,

Hold not back, on the day of my death,
thy foot from visiting my dust.

Oh pitch at once on the top of the sky
the pavilion of joy,

For at the last shall Death bear thee down
to the dust.

The heavenly architect of this six-sided¹
convent of earth

Hath so drawn the plan that every road
leads alike to the convent of the tomb.

Ah, the wiles of the daughter of the vine,—
how she lays her ambush for Reason!

Oh never to the end of time fall in ruins
the vine-branch's arch!

By the path of the tavern, Háfiz, hast
thou gladly escaped from the world,—

Oh be the prayers of the wise in heart
thine own heart's bosom-friends."

II.

"Oh come, that to the wounded heart
strength may return;

Oh come, that to the dead body the soul
may return.

Oh come, for thy absence hath so fast
bound mine eyes,

That only the opening gate of thy pres-
ence can open them again.

Whatsoever it be that I hold before the
mirror of my heart,—

None other reflection gives it back but
the image of thy beauty.

The proverb saith, 'Night is with child,'
and parted far from thee

I sit and count the stars, saying, 'What
will the night bring forth?'

The sorrow that has seized my heart's
empire like a black Ethiopian horde,

Shall scatter itself before the glad troops
of the Rûm² of thy cheek!

Faint not in heart at the desert,—bind
on thy pilgrim-dress,

For the true pilgrim recks not, though
he should never return.

Oh come, for the sweet nightingale of
Háfiz' soul

At the odour of the approaching rose of
thy presence once more begins to sing."

III.

"Oh may none like me the wounded be
distracted by Absence,

For all my life has been passed in the
anguish of Absence.

The outcast lover, heart-forlorn, beggared,
and head-bewildered,

Hath borne the misery of the days of the
woes of Absence.

Whence am I? and whence is Absence?
and whence is Sorrow?

Surely my mother bore me only for the
sake of Absence.

Whither shall I go? what shall I do? to
whom tell the state of my heart?

Who shall maintain my cause? who
avenge me on Absence?

If Absence fell into my hands, Absence
I would slay,

And my tears should pay the price of the
blood of Absence.

Yea, by absence from thee would I make
Absence herself forlorn,

So that I would wring blood from the
eyes of Absence.

For this in our despair do Háfiz and I
night and day,

Like the morning nightingales, raise the
wail of Absence."

IV.

"Lured by the rose's scent at dawn I walked
for a while in the garden,

That like the distracted nightingale I
might medicine my brain.

There I turned my gaze to the red rose's
countenance,

As amid the lingering darkness she shone
like a lamp for brightness;

So drunk with pride in the glory of her
beauty and her youth,

That she wreaked a thousand scorns on
the heart of the nightingale.

The lily in upbraiding thrust out her
tongue like a sword,

While as a jealous rival the anemone
opened wide her mouth;

The lovely narcissus for sorrow let fall the
tears from her eyes,

And the tulip burned a hundred scars
into her inmost heart.

which the cupbearer spills on the ground,
quenches the fire of sorrow in some long-dead
eye."

¹ The six sides are north, east, south, and
west, and the Nadir and the Zenith.

² Rûm here means Europe, or perhaps the
Greek Empire, as it was still lingering at
Constantinople.

Now like the worshippers of wine they
stood, a flask in every hand,
And now they grasped the cup like the
reveller's cupbearer.
Learn, like the rose, to seize as a spoil¹
the joys of life and youth ;
Deliver thy message, Háfiz,—what needs
the prophet more ? ”²

V.

“ Oh friends of my bosom, remember last
night's wine ;
Remember the rights of devoted friend-
ship.
In the hour of your gladness,—the lover's
desolation
Remember amid the melody of the lute
and castanet.
When the kindly wine is lighting up the
cupbearer's cheek,
Oh remember my forced penance, amid
the notes of the song.
If ye never for a moment pity the woes
of the faithful,
Yet remember the faithlessness of revolv-
ing Time.
Though the charger of Prosperity carry
his neck never so high,
Yet remember your companions who have
been scourged out of your road.
When, in the midst of your desire, you
reach out the hand of hope,
Oh in the midst of all remember the
days of our union.
Oh ye who sit in the chief seats of empire,
with a countenance of compassion
Remember the face of Háfiz and the
threshold where he lies.”

VI.

“ I long for the strong wine and its man-
o'-ermastering strength,
That I may rest for a moment from life
and its evil and tumult.
Bring wine, for we cannot be free from
yon rolling heaven's deceits,
With Venus ever touching her lute and
Mars brandishing his sword.
The table of Fortune, that mother of the
base, bears not the honey of rest ;
Oh my heart, from the palate of thy
desire wash thou all taste of its bitter
and salt.

¹ *Ghanímah dán*, “account as a gain,” cf. Horace's *appone lucro* (Od. i. 9), and Jeremiah xlv. 5.

² Alluding to the saying of Mohammed (see Korán, v. 99), *Má aláiná illá 'l balágh*, “We have only to deliver our message.”

Away with Bahrám's¹ hunter-toils ; seize
thou Jamshíd's² cup ;
For I have trodden the desert through,
and no Bahrám nor Bahrám's wild ass
is there.
I will drink the ruby-coloured wine from
out an emerald cup ;
For the ascetic is the adder of our time,
and this emerald shall strike him
blind.³
It is not beneath the great to turn their
face to the poor ;
For Solomon with all his pomp deigned
to look on the ant.⁴
Oh come, that in the clear wine I may
show thee the secret of life,
But on this condition, that thou tell it
not to the malevolent with their blinded
hearts.
The bow of the beloved's brow is never
turned away from Háfiz ;
But I smile to think of so mighty an arm
raised against one so helpless ! ”

VII.

“ I have the edict of the old man of the
tavern, and 'tis an ancient saying,
That to *him* only wine is forbidden who
hath neither beloved nor friend.
I would rend these patched garments of
hypocrisy,⁵—what can I do ?
A bitter agony to the soul is the company
of the base.
In hope that perchance the Beloved's lip
might sprinkle one draught on me,
Many a long year have I waited fixed at
the tavern door.
Perchance my long service has gone from
her remembrance ;
Oh breeze of morning, blow her a memory
of the ancient time.

¹ Bahrám the hunter is a favourite king of Persian romance. He was one of the Sassanian kings, and is said to have disappeared in a desert while hunting a wild ass.

² Jamshíd is a famous hero of Zoroastrian tradition. He is the Yima of the Zendavesta and the Yama of Vedic mythology. Moore describes—

“ The jewell'd cup of King Jamshíd,
With life's elixir sparkling high.”

³ This is a Persian superstition concerning the emerald.

⁴ In allusion to the legend in the Korán (ch. xxvii.), that an ant warned her fellows to retreat into their holes, as Solomon's army passed by, and “ Solomon smiled as he heard her words.”

⁵ An allusion to the dress of the derwishes.

If after a hundred years her odour blew
over my dust,
My crumbled bones would uplift their
heads dancing out of the tomb.
The heart-stealer by a hundred hopes has
robbed me of my heart,—
But hope on,—the noble nature forgets
not its promise.
Oh my heart, look thou for health from
some other door;
Not by the physician's skill is the wound
of the lover healed.
Hoard thou the jewels of knowledge to
bear with thee where thou goest;
Others may take as their portion the
silver and the gold.
The snares around us are strong, unless
the mercy of God is our friend;
Else over the accursed Satan little victory
will Adam gain.
If gold and silver be not thine, what
matter, Háfiz? be thankful;
Better than wealth is sweetness of song
and a healthful soul."

VIII.

"We have tried our lot in this city of our
fortune,
Now must we turn to depart from this
precipice.
By long gnawing my fingers and breath-
ing out sighs,
I have lit a fire like the rose in my
wasting body.
Last night how sweetly came the voice of
the nightingale as he sang,
While the rose opened wide her ear from
the branch of her tree;
'Oh heart, endure with patience, for the
loved that vexes thee
Bears from her own destiny many a vexa-
tion of her own.'
If the waves of the sea of Circumstance
toss their heads to the sky,
The wise man will not wet with their
water the chattels of his fortune.
Oh Háfiz, if man's desires were for ever
in his reach,
Jamshid would not have stayed so long
away from his throne."

IX.

"Oh remember that my home was once the
top of thy street,
That the light of mine eyes was once from
the dust of thy door.
In our pure sympathy, just like the lily
and rose,
All that was in thy heart came at once to
my tongue.

When my heart sought the mystery's
meaning from the old man of Reason,
Love gave the interpretation of all that
to him was dark.
Alas for the wrong and tyranny which
are in this valley of snares;
Alas for the joy and happiness which
were in that resting-place!
In my heart I said 'I will never live
without the Beloved';
What can I do?—my heart and its every
resolve are vain!
Last night, full of the memory of my
friends, I went to the tavern;
I saw the wine-cask, its heart full of
blood and its foot sunk in the earth.
Long I wandered, saying, 'I will seek the
cause of the pain of absence';
But the Mufti of Reason at the question
lost all power of speech.
Verily the turquoise ring of Abú Ishák
Shone bright for a time, but the splendour
hasted away.
Hast thou ne'er seen the partridge's laugh,
Háfiz, as it tripped along,
And thought not of the swoop of the
falcon of Fate overhead?"

X.

"In the morning, when heavy with last
night's revel,¹
I seized the wine with the harp and viol.
I gave to Reason wine as her provision
for the way,
And bade her set forth from the kingdom
of existence.
The wine-selling enchantress gave me a
glance,
And said, 'Oh thou mark for the arrows
of reproach!'
But I learned from the cupbearer with
bow-like brows,
That I had escaped free from the deceptions
of the world.
Go, spread thy snare for another bird;
Far too high is the lonely Símurgh's nest.²
The tavern is empty of strangers,—drink
wine;
There is none here but thou, oh Only One.
Bring the ship of wine, that safe on its
deck
We may escape from this sea without a
shore.

¹ He means the awaking from sensual
pleasure to pursue the higher enjoyments of
mystic contemplation.

² The Símurgh is the lonely bird on Mount
Káf.

Friend, songster, and cupbearer, all are
 only He ;
 The image of water and clay¹ is but a
 pretext in the road.
 Who wins aught from that Imperial
 Beauty
 Which eternally plays the game of love
 with itself alone ?
 Our existence is a riddle, Háfiz,
 Whose solution is a spell and a fairy-
 tale."

XI.

" Ofttimes have I said it, and again I say
 it,—
 Not of myself do I wander heart-forlorn
 in this road.
 Behind the Veil they treat me as men
 treat a parrot ;²
 Whatsoever the Eternal Master bids me
 speak, that I speak.
 What though I am the thorn, and the
 Loved the rose of the garden,—
 'Tis the hand which fosters me,—'tis from
 that I grow.
 Oh friends, reproach me not, heart-broken
 and bewildered ;
 I bear a jewel with me, and I seek one
 who knows its worth.
 What though these patched derwish-rags
 suit ill with the rose-red wine,—
 Blame me not, for I wash from them all
 stain of hypocrisy.

¹ The human body.

² This alludes to the manner in which
 parrots are taught to speak in the East ; a
 looking-glass is placed before the cage, and a
 man speaks behind the glass, to make the
 parrot believe that it is a parrot which speaks.

Oh from a far other source are the lover's
 smiles and tears ;¹
 I sing in the night, and at morning-tide
 I weep.
 'Oh Háfiz,' said the teacher, 'smell not
 of the tavern-door ;'
 'Blame me not,' I answered ; 'I smell of
 the musk of Khoten.'"

XII.

"The dust of this body of mine is the veil
 of the face of the soul ;
 Oh welcome the hour when I shall throw
 the veil from that face !
 Ill befits such a cage a sweet singer like
 me ;
 I will haste away to the rose-bower of
 Paradise, for I am a bird of that garden.
 I know not whither I have come, nor
 where I was ;
 Ah, woe is me,—I am ignorant of mine
 own concerns.
 How shall I make the circuit of the
 heavenly world's expanse,
 I who am cabined here in this cell of clay ?
 My proper dwelling-place and home is
 the palace of the houris ;
 Why then do I sojourn in the street of
 the tavern-revellers ?
 Look not at my mantle, with its golden
 fringe like the taper's ;
 For underneath that mantle burns a
 hidden fire.
 Oh come and sweep away the very
 existence of Háfiz,
 That in thy presence none may hear of
 me, that I am at all."

¹ Cf. "Tears, idle tears, I know not what
 they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine
 despair."

A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

I AM a child of the times, and am sorry to be unable to congratulate my Parent. It is not that I am at all disreputable. My vices entitle me to no distinction. To begin by doing justice, I am perfectly free from vanity and may therefore be the more easily believed when I say that probably few men being bachelors and under thirty are better loved and befriended than I am. The number of persons who take a warm interest in me is astonishing and troublesome. There are homes where, unless dissimulation be carried to the height of genius, I am always a welcome guest, and am, on entering, affectionately greeted by old and young, mistress and maid.

The fathers and mothers look upon me as a young man who has been well brought up, and who, though not precisely the product his education might have been expected to yield, is yet nevertheless, in a season of doubts and perplexities, a person worthy of commendation. As for the daughters of the house, I am not aware that I flutter their susceptibilities, and should think it unlikely, because in the first place I studiously avoid attempting to do so, and in the second place I am not too disposed to believe that they have any susceptibilities to flutter; but I more than pass with them, for I can quote poetry to those who like to listen to good poetry well quoted, and there are a few who do; I can pretend to talk philosophy to those who pretend to like philosophy, and they are many; and though I can't talk religion, yet I can listen very contentedly to it; and if a lady is High Church, and is doing battle with some person more enthusiastic than I am, I can quietly, and without binding myself in any way, come to the fair combatant's rescue, whenever sore pressed, with a sentence from Dr. Newman, or a line from Faber, and be re-

warded with a grateful smile; whilst, again, if the lady be more Genevan in her faith, my memory is equally well stored with the sayings of divines and hymn-writers who have grasped with an enviable tenacity the simple and grand doctrines of Calvin and his successors. For the sons of the house, when I say that I smoke, and am not at all scrupulous about what sort of stories I hear and tell, it will be at once understood how perfect is my sympathy with them.

But in the meantime, what of myself? Am I as easily satisfied? I can't say I am dissatisfied, that is such a very strong word; but I may say that I am often very much provoked. It would be annoying for a cold man to gaze steadfastly into a blazing fire and yet remain chill. It is provoking to be able nicely to estimate and accurately to appreciate emotions, affections, martyrdoms, heroisms, to perceive the force which naturally belongs to certain feelings and convictions, and yet to remain cool, impassive, and inert. Would to God that I could stir myself up to believe in any of them; and yet as I write this I blush. I have used a passionate imprecation, and yet my hand glides as calmly over the paper, and my heart beats as placidly within my breast as if I had just put down in my account-book the amount of my last week's washing-bill.

This inertia, in a great measure, results from the fatal gift of sympathy unchecked by spiritual or moral pressure.

It is all very well, indeed it is most delightful in matters of *taste*, to be able to say, as Charles Lamb does of style, that for him Jonathan Wild is not too coarse, nor Shaftesbury too elegant. Thank Heaven, I can say that too; but in matters of morals and religion this catholicity becomes serious. To find yourself extending the same degree of

sympathy to, say, both the Newmans—to read, in the course of one summer's day, and with the same unfeigned delight, Liddon and Martineau—to stroll out into the woods and meadows, careless whether it is Keble or Matthew Arnold you have slipped into your pocket—this, too, is a very delightful catholicity, but I am not sure that I ought to thank *Heaven* for it.

I wonder how often in the course of a year Dr. Johnson's saying to Sir Joshua is quoted—"I love a good hater." That it should be so often quoted is a proof that the Doctor's feeling is largely shared by his countrymen. I am sure I share it, and nobody can accuse me of self-love in doing so—for I hate nobody. I haven't brought myself to this painful state without a hard struggle. For a long time I made myself very happy in the thought that I hated Professor Huxley. How carefully I nursed my wrath! By dint of never speaking of the Professor, except in terms of the strongest opprobrium, and never reading a word he had ever written, I kept the happy delusion alive for several years. I had at times, it is true, an uneasy suspicion that it was all nonsense; but I was so conscious how necessary it was to my happiness that I should hate somebody, that I always resolutely suppressed the rising doubt in an ocean of superlatives expressive of the supposed qualities of this mischievous Professor. But one day, in a luckless hour, I opened a magazine at haphazard, and began in a listless fashion to read an article about I knew not what, and written by I knew not whom, and speedily grew interested in it. The style was so lucid and urbane, the diction so vigorous and expressive, the tone so free from exaggeration and extravagance, and the substance so far from uninteresting, that my fated sympathies began to swell up, and when half-way down the next column I saw awaiting me one of my favourite quotations from Goethe, I mentally embraced the author and hastily turned to the end to see what favoured man was writing so well, and

there, lo and behold! was appended the name of the only man I had ever hated. Of course the illusion could not be put together again, and the chair once filled by the learned Professor stands empty. The other day I made an effort to raise Archbishop Manning to it. He has not the playful humour, the exquisite urbanity of the great modern Pervert, but I have heard him preach, he has the accents of sincerity and conviction, and represents what I believe to be in a great degree indestructible on this earth. Failing the Archbishop, the name of Fitzjames Stephen occurred to me, but as he himself has told us, he has so many claims to distinction that it would be a shame to hate him; and, after all, I am nearer his position by many a mile than I am to the Archbishop's, and so in despair I have given up the attempt of finding a successor to Professor Huxley, and repeat that, poor limping Christian as I am, I hate nobody. Why not read your Carlyle? it will be indignantly asked. Is not "*Sartor Resartus*" upon your shelves? Why, bless me! hear the man talk! Carlyle is my favourite prose author. I have all his books, in the nice old editions, round about me, and not only have read them all, but am constantly reading them. You won't outdo me in my admiration for the old man. I think his address to the Scotch students, if bound up within the covers of the New Testament would not be the least effective piece of writing there. Carlyle has long taught me this—to lay no flattering unction to my soul, and to go about my business. He has tried to do more than this, and at times I have almost thought he has done more, but it is not for man to beget a faith. Carlyle has planted, he has digged, he has watered, but there has been no one to give the increase. He has taught us, like the Greek Tragic Poets, "*moral prudence*," and to behave ourselves decently and after a dignified fashion between Two eternities, and for a time I thought I had learnt the lesson, but I am at present a good deal agitated by a dangerous symptom and a painful problem.

The dangerous symptom is that nothing pains me. I don't mean physically or aesthetically, for I am very sensitive in both those quarters, but morally. There was a time when I did draw a line with my jokes and stories, never a very steady line, but still a line, I now disport myself at large, and a joke—if good *quâ* joke—causes me to shake my sides, even though it outrages religion, which I believe to be indestructible on this earth, and morality, which I believe to be essential to our well-being upon it.

The painful problem arises in connection with quite another subject. Although not in love, I have some idea of prosecuting a little suit of mine in a certain direction, and have to own that at odd hours and spare seasons, when my thoughts are left to follow their own bent I find them dwelling upon, lingering over, returning to, a face, which though no artist on beholding, would be led to exclaim—

"A face to lose youth for, occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with,"

is yet in my opinion, a very pleasant and companionable face, one well suited to spend life with, which is after all what you want a wife for. This is not the painful problem—that comes on a step later. Supposing I was married, and blessed, as after most all men are, with children, how on earth shall I educate them to keep them out of Newgate? "Bolts and shackles!" as Sir Toby Belch exclaimed—the thought is bewildering. If I, educated on Watts's Hymns and the New Testament, am yet so hazy on moral points and distinctions, which can hardly be described as nice, such as paying my bills, using profane language, going to Church, and the like, my son, brought up on Walter Scott and George Eliot, and the writers of his own day, will surely never pay his bills at all, his oaths will be atrocious, and he will die incapable of telling the nave from the transept—and how I am to teach him better I really do not see. The old *régime* was particularly strong on this point; and if one could only

bring one's conscience to it, the difficulty is at an end, and the education of children, so long at any rate as they are in the nursery or the schoolroom, goes forward quite easily and naturally.

If anybody has had the patience to wade so far in my company, he will probably here exclaim, "My dear sir, you must have been abominably educated yourself;" and though I don't altogether deny the statement, I can't allow it to pass unchallenged. I remember at school a boy, whom it happened to be the fashion of the day to torment, bearing with a wonderful patience the jeers and witticisms of half a score of his companions, until one of them made some remark, boldly reflecting upon the character of the boy's father, whereupon he at once, clenching his puny fist, bravely advanced upon the last speaker, exclaiming, "You may insult me as much as you like, but you shan't insult my parents." So, in my case, you may call me as many hard names as you like, but you mustn't blame anybody else, but the Time-spirit—if the Time-spirit is a body—(and really, body or no body, it is the fashion now to speak of it as if it were the most potent of beings, dwelling far above argument or analogy). I had what is called every advantage. Religion was presented to me in its most pleasing aspect, living illustrations of its power and virtuous effects moved around me, my taste was carefully guarded from vitiating influences. Our house was crowded with books, all of which were left open to us, because there were none that could harm us; money, which was far from plentiful, was lavished on education and books, and on these alone. How on earth did the Time-spirit enter into that happy Christian home? Had it not done so, I might now have been living in the Eden of Belief, and spending my days "bottling moonshine," like the rest of my brethren. But enter it did, and from almost the very first it subtly mixed itself with all spiritual observances, which, though it did not then venture to attack, it yet awaited to

neutralize. No! my education was a very costly one; even in point of money a family might be decently maintained on the interest of the sum that has been thus expended, and in point of time too it was remarkable.

And yet I have advantages over some men, I know, upon whom the Time-spirit has worked even more disastrously, for they don't know what they like or want. Now I do. The things I am fondest of, bar two or three human things, are money and poetry—the first, not of course for its own sake—who ever heard of any one admitting that he liked money for its own sake? And as I always spend more money than I have got (my Catholic taste in books is so expensive) it can't be said that I am likely to grow a miser. Neither is

money a necessary condition to my happiness—not at all; but it is for all that the motive power that causes me to exert myself in my daily work. I work for money. That is my prose. I find in my second love my poetry of life, and I think it is this love that keeps my life sweet, and makes me a favourite with children and with dogs. Who can exaggerate the blessings showered upon Englishmen by their poets:—

“They create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence.”

“Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us.”

What names! what exhaustless wealth!
A Golden Treasury indeed—where what
heart I have got lies stored.

REQUIESCIT.

“Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Hamlet, Act v. Scene 2.

O NOBLE heart! full heavy on thee lay
Life's grievous burden; for thy soul was fair,
And found but foulness in this earthly air;
For freedom found a varnished slavery,
Falsehood for truth, and seeming for to be.
Yet didst thou struggle on, though worn with care,
And ever strong enticements to despair,
In darkness, yet still bent the way to see.
And now, the striving over, there is peace;
For thee are no more “questions”; not again
Shalt thou wail out for respite from the pain
Of this world's “uses”; where the mean-souled cease
From troubling, thou shalt haven, spirit blest,
And “flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

J. W. HALES.

THE ESTHONIAN HERCULES.

IN one of the well-known "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution in the year 1861, Professor Max Müller made a comparison between the "Kalewala," the national epic of the Finns, and the *Iliad* of the Greeks. "A Finn," he says, "is not a Greek, and Wainomoinen was not a Homer; but if the poet may take his colours from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, 'Kalewala' possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad*, and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the Ionian songs, with the *Mahābhārata*, the *Shah-nāme*, and the *Nibelunge*."

Forty years before, the fact was unknown that the Finns had any epic poetry whatever. While Finland was connected with Sweden, the nationality of the people was obscured; but when it fell under the dominion of Russia, its new rulers found it expedient to break off old associations by encouraging the Finns to remember and make known that they belonged to a race that had nothing in common with the Teutons of Scandinavia. In 1821, under the Russian auspices, the first attempt, on a larger scale, to collect the songs of Finland was made by Topelius and Lönnrot; but in these there was very little of an epic character; and as late as 1818, C. H. von Schröter, who published a collection of Finnish Rimes in the original, with a German translation, and extolled the poetic genius of the Finns, doubted whether it had ever extended to the creation of epic poetry. To ascertain whether this was the case or not was a later labour of Lönnrot and scholars of kindred tastes, who, with the assistance of the Finnish literary society of Helsingfors, travelled through Finland, with the view of studying the traditions of

the people. The result of the investigation was, that Lönnrot collected upwards of thirty-two poems, all referring to the gods and heroes of the old heathen times, and consequently affording material for the study of the Finnish mythology formerly unknown. These, to the best of his ability—following the precedent of the Greek editors, who, according to the Wolfian theory, constructed the *Iliad*—he arranged into one consistent whole, which he published with the title "Kalewala" (Carelia), the name of the portion of Finland to which the heroes of the story more especially belong. The work was translated into Swedish by Castrén, now famed as a Finnish scholar; and the importance of a discovery which made known an unexplored department of folk-lore was warmly acknowledged by Jacob Grimm. In 1849, a second edition of the poem, with large editions, was published by Lönnrot; and on this was based the German translation made by Schiefner, with the assistance of Castrén, which was published at Helsingfors in 1852.

The myths of Finland can now be studied with as much facility as those of Greece or Scandinavia; indeed, Castrén has written a book containing a systematic description of Finnish mythology.

By the side of the "Kalewala," though not polished up to the same degree of perfection, stands the "Kalewipoeg" (son of Kalew), professedly the national epic of Esthonia, which is inhabited by a race kindred to that of the Finns, and lies, we need scarcely say, on the opposite side of the Gulf of Finland. The popular songs of which this is composed, and which, seventy years ago, were sung by the Esthonians, were collected and arranged by T. R. Kreuzwald, and published with a metrical German translation by Carl Rhenthal, forming an epic

about 19,000 lines in length. The poem abounds in local references; but scholars incline to the belief that it had its origin on the northern side of the Gulf, and was adapted by the Esthonian bards to the situation in which they were placed. At all events, the "Kalewipoeg" is totally distinct from the "Kalewala," both in its subject and in its tendency. In the Finnish epic, the ruling power is magic, chiefly exercised to promote the arts of peace; and the hero, Wainomoinen, corresponds to the Apollo, Prometheus, and Triptolemus of the Greeks. Kalewipoeg, the hero of the Esthonian epic, is likewise a promoter of civilization, and is not without magical gifts; but his chief attribute is physical strength, and we have therefore called him the "Esthonian Hercules."

During the past year, the substance of the Esthonian tradition has been given to the world in a condensed form by a Finnish scholar named C. C. Israel, who, acknowledging the merits of Kreuzwald, is of opinion that he has introduced much spurious matter into the original story. It is this last edition of the Kalewipoeg, of which we make use in the following narrative, which cannot fail to remind many readers of mythical Greece. A marvellous unity is apparent through all its fantastic ramifications, and the notion that guilt demands retribution is carried out with a consistency that renders Kalewipoeg not only a Hercules, but an *Œdipus*. Not to interrupt the story by explanations, we may remark here that the "Men of Iron," who bring the tale to a disastrous conclusion, are supposed to be the knights of the Teutonic order, who conquered Finland in the eleventh century.

Kalew came from the far north on the back of an eagle, and settled on the rocky shore of Wiro (Esthonia), where he established himself as king, and obtained the hand of Linda, a beautiful maiden, who, like Helen, had been hatched from an egg, and had previously rejected all other suitors, including the Sun and Moon. During the lifetime of

Kalew, Linda gave birth to two sons; but the one which most resembled him, and whom we shall henceforth call Kalewipoeg, was born after he was laid in his grave, where red flowers sprang from his cheeks and bluebells from his eyes.

Many wooers sought the hand of the fair maiden, but she was coy as of old; and her refusal especially offended a magician from Finland, who swore that he would be revenged. The absence of her three sons on a hunting expedition enabled him to carry out his intention, for he laid forcible hands upon Linda, and bore her to his ship. The gods, however, were moved by her cries for help, and changed her into a rock, which is still to be seen near Reval.

When the sons returned home, and noticed their mother's absence, they set up a shout that might be heard in the islands Dagö and Oesel, but, of course, received no answer. The youngest walked in the moonlight to the grave of his father, whom he wakened with a magic song, and who asked him why his rest was disturbed. Replies to the questions of Kalewipoeg were lazily and reluctantly given; but the youth heard that his mother had been carried off by a magician of Finland, and that to reach that country by sea he should be guided by the "Nail of Heaven"—that is to say, the North star.

Thus instructed, Kalewipoeg leaped into the sea, and swam due north towards Finland, till he came to an island, where he stopped, with the intention of sleeping there. Soon he heard a song sung by a female voice, and answered it in a corresponding strain. The singer approached him, and they sat together on the shore till break of day, when they were found by the maiden's father, who called the hero by his name. No sooner had she heard it than she uttered a wild shriek, and sprang into the water. Kalewipoeg having vainly endeavoured to save her, swam further north, hearing in the far distance the wailing of the bereaved father. After swimming for a whole day without rest, he reached the rocky shore of Finland, where he refreshed himself with a long

sleep, and then set off, crossing hill and plain in search of the magician. At last he found a house in the valley, and, peeping over the wall, saw the conjuror asleep in the garden. Hereupon he cut down an oak, which he fashioned into a club, and strode towards the marauder, who at once awoke, and taking from his pocket a handful of feathers, blew them into the air, thus converting them into a troop of men. They at once attacked Kalewipoeg, who, however, despatched them all; and the terrified magician, hoping to obtain forgiveness, confessed that Linda was still in Wiro. He would have proceeded further, but the hero, blind with rage, dashed out his brains with the oak.

Giving no credence to the magician's words, Kalewipoeg sought his mother in every direction, and, not being able to find her, made up his mind to return home, after he obtained a sword from the noted smith of Finland, whose fame had spread through all lands. He understood the language of birds, and overheard an eagle saying that he ought to direct his course westwards. Following in the prescribed direction, he arrived at a smithy, where an old man and three young ones were hard at work. The old smith, raising his cap, asked what he required, and was told that he wanted a good sword, the temper of which he would test. A bundle of weapons was accordingly produced, but they were all shivered in turn when Kalewipoeg struck them on the anvil. Another sword, so large that two were required to carry it, was then brought, and with this he indeed split the anvil; but, as the edge was notched, he was not yet satisfied. At last the smith be-
thought himself of a mighty sword which father Kalew had bespoke before he died; but he named as its price three shields filled with red gold, twenty cows with their calves, twenty horses, and a couple of ships, well freighted with wheat and rye. This sword stood the required test, for it clave the anvil through without receiving a notch; and the old smith celebrated the success with a feast on the greensward, which lasted

for some days, and at which much—too much—mead was drunk.

"When the mead is in, the wit is out;" and Kalewipoeg began to talk about his passage across the Gulf of Finland, and his adventure with the Island Maiden. The story proved unlucky, for the smith's eldest son declared that the hero was the murderer of his betrothed. This observation was resented by Kalewipoeg, and a general uproar ensued, which the hero brought to a sudden stop by striking off the youngster's head with the irresistible sword. The father and the two surviving sons wept bitterly, and would have revenged themselves on the hero, but Kalewipoeg was too strong for them, and departed in safety, followed by a curse uttered by the old smith, who called upon the sword defiled by murder to perform the work of retribution in due season.

On his way back to Wiro, Kalewipoeg found on the Finland coast the boat which had belonged to the dead magician. This he at once unmoored, and, as he was rowing himself across the gulf, he found himself unexpectedly near the island where he had met with the unhappy songstress. Moodily he put down his oars, and looked uneasily at the sword which lay across the boat, while a weird song, which seemed to him to rise from the water, reminded him that he was guilty of two deaths, and warned him against the sword as an instrument of retribution. And a similar warning was repeated when he reached the opposite coast, and noted a rock which he had not perceived before, and which, no doubt, was the transformed Linda.

When he had reached home his two brothers were delighted to see him, and to hear the story of his adventures, from which he judiciously omitted all that referred to the Island Maiden and the young smith. On the following day they consulted together, observing that Wiro had been without a king ever since the death of their father Kalew, and that one of them ought to occupy the throne. Soon it was agreed that he

who could throw a stone the farthest should be the selected; and in the trial of address and strength, which took place on the border of a lake, Kalewipoeg proved victorious. Nothing like envy or ill-feeling was manifested on the occasion. The elder brothers simply congratulated the younger on his good fortune, and took leave of him for ever.

One day, Kalewipoeg sat down on a stone by the shore, when, after meditating a while, he threw a piece of silver into the sea as an offering to the water god. He then proceeded to the hill dedicated to Taara (the supreme deity in Esthonian mythology), and surveyed the lakes with which his domain glittered in all directions, the broad pastures, and the dark forests of fir. Suddenly, an old man, with a long, white beard, stood before him, and warned him that his strong hand had not been created for the sword alone, but also for the plough, and that it was his duty to fertilize and drain his barren, marshy land. The death of the young smith was not unknown to the mysterious counsellor, who, when he had uttered the additional warning, "He who has reddened the green grass should beware of his own sword," dissolved himself into a mist and vanished.

Agriculture had previously been unknown in Wiro, but Kalewipoeg, convinced that he had been addressed by Taara himself, ordered a plough to be made, of such huge dimensions, that he alone could direct it, and fitted to a horse, the equal to which in size or strength was never before or since seen in the land. Thus armed, he drained the marshes, and rendered the plains arable. Once, while he was resting from his arduous toil, a messenger came up to him, and told him that the country was threatened by strange invaders, who were approaching the shore in boats. The king, however, was not to be interrupted in the work of peace. His subjects would be able to repel the foe, and not until they had failed would he quit the plough and return to the use of the sword.

The messenger, leaving the king, returned whence he had come, and first

met an old raven, who hacked a tree with his beak, and seemed to scent a future field of battle. Next, as he passed through a forest, he encountered a hungry wolf. Then, on a heath, he saw an emaciated form, who was Famine in person; then the embodied Pestilence. Thus warned against the horrors of war, he refrained from executing his mission, and whispered his order into the reeds on the edge of a pool. The waters absorbed it; the fish fled in terror; and of the threatened war no more was heard. This allegorical episode, which seems so little in harmony with the rest of the story, will remind some readers of myths that lie beyond the precincts of Esthonian tradition.

In the meanwhile, Kalewipoeg was alarmed by an ominous dream. He saw his mother in the far distance, but could not approach her, as a gory head, which he was unable to pass, lay in his path. His horse, too, was torn to pieces by wild beasts. When he awoke, he found that the latter part of his dream was literally true: for the mangled remains of the gigantic horse were before him. In his wrath he snatched up his sword, cleared the woods, and slew many bears and wolves. Where the blood of the horse had flowed, it formed itself into a marsh; the hairs of the mane were converted into reeds; those of the tail into hazel-bushes; and the loins into hills, which are shown at the present day. Kalewipoeg now thought that he had worked sufficiently at the plough, and would again wander in search of his mother. But the remembrance of the young smith weighed heavily on his heart.

While roaming about, Kalewipoeg was joined by his cousin Alewipoeg (the son of Alew), who had with him many attendants. The latter, by means of a crafty device, in which Kalewipoeg had scarcely any part, succeeded in defrauding a river-fiend of a vast treasure. Of this the hero craved a portion sufficient to pay the debt due to the old smith of Finland, as the price of his sword. Alewipoeg complied with the request, and sailed for Finland in search of the

smith, leaving the rest of the treasure to the care of Kalewipoeg, who buried it deep under ground, and covered it with a rock.

Reflecting on the duties of his position, Kalewipoeg thought he would do a good act if he built four cities, as places of shelter for the old and the feeble; for he feared that, although he had sent Alewipoeg to pay his debt, the old smith would some day come with a mighty force to avenge the death of his son. With this end in view, he proceeded to Pleskau, which lies in a southeasterly direction by the great lake Peipus, and there purchased a quantity of building timber, sufficient to load three ships, which he carried back as far as the eastern bank. As no vessel was to be seen, he began to ford the lake; and on his way was watched by a noted magician, who peeped at him through a bush, and uttered words of power, which soon raised a violent storm. Kalewipoeg, knowing that the conflict of wind and water had not been produced by natural means, drew his sword, and looked towards the hedge, whereupon the magician, in terror, slunk back at a word, and the lake was again calm. The hero crossed with his load, and laid himself down to sleep on the grassy bank, with his face turned to the East, that the rising sun might awaken him, and with his sword by his side. The sound of his snoring reached the ears of the magician, who, creeping from his hiding-place, approached the sleeping hero, and endeavoured to steal his sword, but found it heavy beyond his strength. At last, through the effect of powerful charms, the sword raised itself, and the magician, though still with difficulty, dragged it away. As he was about to cross a stream, a fair water-nixie cast a longing look at the sword, and it fell to the bottom of it, beyond the reach of all powers of magic. Kalewipoeg, missing his weapon when he awoke, proceeded to the stream, and saw it shining in the waters. Strange to say, it sung to him a farewell song, warning him against the consequences of the crime in which it had been the instru-

ment. On his way homeward, Kalewipoeg, with a pine-tree for a club, encountered the magician's two sons, who fought with long whips, to the end of which millstones were suspended. With his left hand he held the load of timber, while he brandished the club with his right; and when this broke, he took one of the huge planks for a weapon. The blows which he dealt with the flat side of the plank did not prove sufficient, and he would now have been overpowered, had not a faint little voice cried out from a neighbouring bush, "With the edge—the edge!" He followed the advice, struck with the edge of the plank, and his adversaries fled howling. He now thought of his unknown benefactor, and asked him to show himself; and on the small voice representing that its owner was not fit to appear, inasmuch as he had no clothes, tore off a piece of his furry garb, and flung it into the bush. The little hidden man put it on, and became—the first hedgehog.

Kalewipoeg now chose a safer spot for a resting-place, and with stones and sand built for himself a dry hill in the middle of a marsh. He did not, however escape the notice of the magician, who crossed the water while he was asleep, and placed under his head a bundle of soporific draughts, so potent, that although, as usual, he lay with his head towards the East, he was not wakened by the rising sun. Long did he remain in this state of magical slumber, but when the day arrived when the usual feast was to be held on Taara's hill, Alewipoeg (who had returned from Finland) and Olewipoeg, (son of the skilful builder, Olew), were among the visitors. They greatly missed the lost ruler, whose might was the more requisite, as Wiro was threatened with an invasion by the "Iron men."

A general search was consequently made for the lost king, but the spell which bound him was in the meanwhile broken by a strange dream. He thought that he was in the smithy of Ilmarinen (the Vulcan of the mythology, who plays an important part in the "*Kalewala*"), where seven workmen were employed

in making him a sword. Suddenly, a black-haired youth, with pale cheeks, and the mark of dried blood about his throat, stepped in, and asked the workmen why they fashioned a sword for a murderer. "The robber smote me," he said, "with another sword, which I made for him, and this deadly wound is the reward of my labour." The infuriated Kalewipoeg endeavoured to answer his accuser, and in his violence he broke the charm, and awoke.

He now walked on till he came to a dense forest, where he sat under a birch-tree, and by virtue of his especial gift heard and understood the conversation of seven magpies, who chattered over his head. One said: "There he sits at his ease, while his subjects are toiling after him." The second retorted, "He does not know how long he has slept, or he would soon hasten home." The third remarked, "In Sarwik's house he would find gold and silver more than his shoulders could carry." "He has sought his mother in vain," observed the fourth; "if he were wise he would go to the world's end." "Ay," said the fifth, "but the spirits of the northern light would set his ship on fire." "Then let him travel in a ship of silver," retorted the sixth. The seventh concluded, "The wisest thing he could do would be to avoid the spells of that smith's son."

Kalewipoeg now made the best of his way home, where he sat moodily before his own door, thinking how lonely the spot looked without his lost mother, when a man came up who represented to him that he was Olewipoeg, a skilled builder like his father, and that he proposed to build a royal castle and a strong town for the people. Kalewipoeg gave the stranger a hearty welcome, and requested to see the site of the proposed buildings, whereupon Olewipoeg, calling upon Taara, scattered some shavings among a heap of ants, who travelled about with them on their backs, and thus traced the plan of the town. The materials must be supplied by Kalewipoeg himself, for he alone could face the evil beings who haunted the forest of

Peipus. Again he visited the noted spot, and brought home a load of timber, and with this, and some huge stones that the king had torn out of the earth, Olewipoeg was still building when Kalewipoeg departed in search of more.

When he was on his return again, laden with planks, Kalewipoeg came to a fire in front of a cavern, over which a kettle was suspended, while round it squatted three hunchbacks of frightful aspect. In reply to his question, what they were doing, they said that they were cooking bear's liver and wolf's fat for Sarwik, and, recollecting how Sarwik's house had been mentioned by the magpie, he expressed a desire to see it. The monsters scornfully warned him that he would simply enter a mouse-trap, but nevertheless he boldly strode into the cavern, where he found himself enveloped in impenetrable darkness. After wandering through a passage, which became narrower and narrower, he at length reached a spacious hall, lit by a lamp suspended on an iron chain. There was also a door, firmly closed, on each side of which stood a large vessel, one filled with a black, the other with a white liquor; and behind this he could hear the sound of a spinning-wheel, and the voice of a woman bewailing in a song her desolate condition. He sang in reply, and was told that Sarwik was from home, and that he should dip his hand into the black liquor. By so doing he acquired so much strength that he burst open the door. The vocal spinster, who was exceedingly beautiful, was terrified by his gigantic form, and snatching from the wall a hat composed of human nails, placed it on her head, whereby she became gigantic likewise. Kalewipoeg, removing the hat, placed it on his own head, and thus reduced himself to the dimensions of an ordinary mortal; and his example was followed by the giantess. Presently she called in her sisters, of whom one was employed in polishing silver, the other in tending geese; and, highly delighted with their visitor, they showed him the wonders of the place, conducting him successively through halls of iron, copper, and silver,

till at last they came to one of gold, in which stood Sarwick's golden bed, and before it a golden table, upon which were two goblets. Apparently they were both filled with the same liquor; but that on the right had the power of increasing strength tenfold, while the other had the power of diminishing it. All the furniture was of gold, and Kalewipoeg bethought himself of the words of the magpie.

He now asked his fair companion to tell him something about the mysterious Sarwick, and learned that he had seven worlds at his command, and ruled over the dead, who, for nine days in every year, were allowed to revisit the spot which they had inhabited while on earth, and, when the proper time, called the "Soul-season," arrived, passed through a gate situated at the end of the world, on the western coast of the Isle of Sparks. The communicative damsels had been carried off by Sarwick's emissaries while they were playing in the fields, and were employed in spinning gold and polishing the halls and furniture. Taara, however, had blessed them with perpetual youth, and they hoped that, with the aid of the magical hat, and of a wand which hung against the door, Kalewipoeg would be able to rescue them from their captivity.

When the narrative had proceeded thus far, the hall began to resound with the heavy step of Sarwick; and although the damsels were terribly frightened, one of them took the precaution to change the places of the goblets on the table. On the entrance of the horned potentate, words of defiance were interchanged, and Kalewipoeg proposed that the difference between them should be settled by a wrestling-match. Sarwick agreed, and, to prepare himself for the conflict, took a heavy pull at the right-hand goblet, little suspecting that he thus diminished his strength. He likewise armed himself with a steel chain, which the eldest sister, by his command, reluctantly brought from the iron hall. The struggle had become so violent, that all the pillars in the hall were

shaken, when Kalewipoeg, by putting on the magical cap, increased his stature to a marvellous extent, and thrice snatched up, thrice cast down, his adversary: the last fling caused him to sink into the earth up to his hips. Kalewipoeg laid hold of the chain, in the hope of securing Sarwick, but the latter, shrinking almost into nothing, slipped out of sight, like a mouse into a hole. The conqueror now looked round in search of booty, and appropriated to himself a large sword, which Sarwick had hung upon a nail, filled a huge trough with as much silver and gold as twenty horses could carry, and, having seated the three damsels upon the pile of treasure, and put the cap on his weight, carried off the whole freight on his shoulders until he reached the entrance to the cave. The kettle remained, but the cooks were gone; and Kalewipoeg, much to the grief of the sisters, scornfully flung his cap into the fire.

At last they reached the hill where Olewipoeg was building the new city, and the ladies were at once provided with husbands, being respectively chosen by the sons of Alew, Sulew, and Olew. The houses were already finished, and a grand wedding-feast was prepared, at which Kalewipoeg declared that the new city should be called Lindanisa, in honour of his late mother, whom he was determined once more to seek. Any who pleased might follow him, and those who remained behind were to occupy themselves with building the city walls, under the temporary government of Olewipoeg.

Wise men had been invited from Finland, who stated that the world's end was to be found immediately under the polar star; but that it could not be reached in wooden ships. They therefore advised him to have a vessel of iron; but he recollected the words of the magpie, who had recommended a silver ship; so a silver ship was fashioned accordingly, and, on account of its swiftness, was called *Lenmok* (the Little Bird).

Well provisioned for a voyage, and laden with a party of warriors, headed by Kalewipoeg, his two cousins (Alew

poeg and Salewipoeg), and the wise Finlander, whom he had made his friend, *Lennok* sailed merrily off for Finland, but the magician on the coast raised such a storm, that at the end of a week they found themselves in a completely strange country; and one of the seers overheard a raven expressing to another his wonder at the fools who hoped to find anything on the barren coast of Lapland. Now, in Lapland dwelt a wise man of high renown, named *Warrak*, and *Kalewipoeg*, his two cousins, and the seer landed to find him out. After much wandering, they saw a lonely house, at the door of which sat a girl, who was singing as she spun, but fled into the house as soon as she perceived the strangers. Presently, *Warrak* made his appearance, and *Kalewipoeg* offered him a vast reward in gold and silver if he would join the expedition. The wise man at first refused, but when he saw that the ship was of silver, he granted the request. The voyage was renewed, and they were rescued from a maelstrom by a device of their new friend, who, with a rope baited with red cloth, caught a whale, which, endeavouring to free itself, towed the vessel out of the whirlpool. Now, advancing rapidly, they approached the Island of Sparks, and there beheld three mountains, one of which vomited fire, another smoke, and the third boiling water. Sailing further, they reached the land of the ice-giant, where an awful maiden was seated on her rock, and by the mere force of her breath drove the ship a league backwards. Sailing due north, they now came to a region where neither sun nor moon gave light, and all, save *Kalewipoeg*, were terrified when they saw the spirits of the Northern Light armed with golden shields and silver spears, and fighting with each other; but the hero, not knowing what fear was, shrewdly remarked that they ought to be rather obliged than otherwise to the warriors, who lightened the sky with their glittering weapons. Nay, with their kind assistance, he thought he was able to discover the coast where their voyage would end. Taking the direction which he indicated, they nearly

reached the world's border; and when they landed, they were encountered by some semi-human creatures, with bodies and tails like dogs, whom they dispersed with great slaughter. They then thought of reposing themselves, and, a fire being kindled, and a large kettle being well filled with viands brought from the *Lennok*, they all lay down and slept, with the exception of *Olewipoeg*, who officiated as cook, and prepared their meal.

While he was thus actively employed, he was accosted by an extremely diminutive dwarf, who had a golden bell suspended from his neck, and requested permission to take a sip of the savoury contents of the kettle. The modest request granted, the dwarf put his lips to the edge of the kettle, whereupon he at once became a giant, who reached the skies, and then vanished in a mist. The whole of the food had likewise disappeared. The kettle was replenished; and now, whilst the others slept, *Kalewipoeg* himself acted as cook. The dwarf returned with his former request, which was readily granted; but no sooner had he begun his sip than *Kalewipoeg* tore the bell from his neck and knocked him off the kettle with his finger. Immediately thunder roared, the earth shook, and the little monster vanished, leaving a dark mist behind him. The noise awoke the sleepers, but their leader told them to remain where they were, while he pursued the evil spirit.

Girded with his sword, and with the bell in his hand, *Kalewipoeg* plunged into the mist, and his comrades lost sight of him. When the air had become more clear, they perceived a large gate which, *Warrak* told them, led to *Sarwick's* abode, the Realm of Shades, and as they approached it they plainly heard the step of *Kalewipoeg*. After the lapse of a week, during which they had been alarmed by a violent storm, and had almost resolved to return home without their chief, *Kalewipoeg* reappeared from the cavern, laden with gold, and so weary, that when he lay down to rest, he slept for three days. When he awoke, the treasure was put on board by his

order, and they sailed homewards, with favourable winds and a smooth sea; but Kalewipoeg was sad, for he still thought of his mother.

His comrades having expressed a wish to hear his adventures in the Realm of Shades, he told them that, after entering the gate in the rock, he had descended through many dark passages, until suddenly all became light, and his progress was impeded by thousands of golden threads, woven together like cobwebs. When he had destroyed these with a mighty kick, they became more dense than before, and he nearly hurt his feet, till he was warned by a toad to ring the bell. When he had done this, the threads were dispersed; and by means of the same instrument, acting on the advice of a crab, he crossed a small brook, the further bank of which had previously receded, when he attempted a passage. Next, he had been attacked by a swarm of gnats which tormented him, but these foes also had been dispelled by the sound of the bell which a grasshopper had advised him to ring. He had now reached a stream of blazing pitch, which was the boundary of the Realm of Shades, and crossed it over an iron bridge, cutting down the guards who were posted there with his sword, so that they fell on both sides into the stream. Sarwick himself had witnessed the conflict, and had retreated behind lofty walls into his house; but Kalewipoeg had shattered the gate, and found himself in a vast hall, the only occupant of which was a woman, who sat at a wheel spinning golden threads, and in whom he recognized the face of his mother. Weeping, he had stretched his arms towards her, but she had avoided his embrace, and he was overwhelmed with grief; for he had now learned, for the first time, that she was not enchanted, but dead. She had, however, pointed to a bowl, the contents of which he had swallowed, and had thus so greatly increased his strength, that when Linda had shown him a door, he forcibly broke it open. He now saw Sarwick's mother, who told him that her son was from home; and, as he attempted to open

another door, he was attacked by thirty guards, who howled like wolves, but could not resist the might of his sword. Sarwick now appeared, and again there was a wrestling-match between him and the hero, who felt his strength fail him, when his mother soared over him in the air; and after waving her distaff, flung it to the ground. He understood her meaning, and, catching up Sarwick, whirled him violently round; and then, casting him down, bound the iron chain about his neck, hands, and feet. The end of the chain he passed through a large rock, fastening it down with a lock on the other side, so as to render escape impossible. Sarwick had offered him countless treasures if he would release him; but he paid no heed to his entreaties, and had only been too glad to return to the light of day. Thus ended the narrative of Kalewipoeg.

When the hero and his comrades had returned home, there was great joy in Lindanisa; and a feast was held which lasted a whole week, all believing that they would henceforward live in peace. But their joy was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who brought the bad news that the men of iron were approaching from the sea, armed with battle-axes and spears. All capable of bearing arms were summoned to Taara's Wood, and Kalewipoeg, assisted by his two cousins, buried his vast treasure under ground, so securing it by words of magic power, that it could never be removed, until by the light of the midsummer fire the child of a virgin mother sacrificed a black cock with two combs, a black cat, and a mole.

On the fifth day after Kalewipoeg had wound his horn, which had sounded all over Wiro and the neighbouring islands, all his warriors, pressing in from every side, met at the appointed spot. Three days afterwards, they took an eastern direction, and encountered the men of iron. A desperate fight ensued, and the enemy would have been destroyed by Kalewipoeg, had not his horse fallen beneath him, and thus brought the contest to a close. In another battle, the valiant Kalewipoeg was slain; and, all being lost,

Kalewipoeg, with his other cousin and Olewipoeg, weary and parched with thirst, proceeded to a lake, where another misfortune befell them, for Alewipoeg fell into the water, and was drowned. His friends, though they could not save his life, drew his corpse from the lake, but helm and sword remained behind, and may still be seen glittering in the sun.

In mournful plight, Kalewipoeg sat by the lake, complaining to Olewipoeg of his desolate condition. Though it was the spring-tide of his life, he stood like a lonely tree. His friends and kinsmen were slain, his mother was in the Realm of Shades, and his days of happiness were ended for ever. Taking no pleasure in state, he confided his kingdom to Olewipoeg, and retired into a lonely forest, where he built himself a hut, and lived upon crabs and fishes. After he had passed a long time without beholding a human face, three men of iron came to him, and, with artful courtesy, requested him to join them, that his strength might be allied to their superior craft. With such a combination of powers they would be invincible. Turning his back upon them, and looking into the water, he saw, as in a mirror, that they were about to stab him in the back; so, seizing them one after another, he flung them down with such force, that the first sank into the earth up to his head, the second up to his chin, and the third disappeared altogether. A fourth presently arrived, who made the same request as the others. Kalewipoeg answered, that he would first fortify him-

self with a good meal, and told the man of iron to draw out of the water a pole which he had placed to catch crabs, and see if anything was to be found upon it. The stranger was unable to move it, but Kalewipoeg easily drew it forth; and at the end of it was a dead horse. "Tell the men of iron," he said, "that strength like that cannot endure slavery."

Once, in the course of his lonely wanderings, Kalewipoeg came unexpectedly to the brook at the bottom of which lay his fated sword. He did not recognize the spot, and as he was about to ford the stream, the sword remembered the task that had been imposed upon it by the smith of Finland, and, although reluctantly, cut off both the hero's feet when they were in the water. He fell back upon the bank, and uttered a shriek of pain, which reached to the highest heavens; but his body was soon lifeless, and his soul ascended to the hall of Taara.

The gods held council with a soul so illustrious. At last they bade it return to its body, and Kalewipoeg was appointed guard at the gate of the Shades, with the charge of preventing the escape of Sarwick. When he had reached his post by a private path, a voice ordered him to strike the rock with his fist. He did so, and his hand remained fixed in the fissure which he had made. There he still stands, and when he tries to extricate himself, the sea rolls and the earth trembles. But at some time, it is said, he will be free; and then he will bring good days to Esthonia.

JOHN OXENFORD.

TWO ADDRESSES BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

I.—JOHN BUNYAN.¹

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where was a den." These words have been translated into hundreds of languages, and hundreds and thousands in all parts of the world and all classes of mankind have asked, "Where was that place, and where was that den?" and the answer has been given that the name of the "place" was Bedford, and that the "den" was Bedford gaol.² This it is which has given to the town of Bedford its chief—may I say, without offence, its only title to universal and everlasting fame. It is now two hundred years ago since Bunyan must have resolved on the great venture—so it seemed to him—of publishing the work which has given to Bedford this immortal renown; and Bedford is this day endeavouring to pay back some part of the debt which it owes to him.

It has seemed to me that I should best discharge the trust with which I have been honoured—and a very high honour I consider it to be—by saying a few words, first on the local, then on the ecclesiastical and political circumstances, and then on the universal character of your illustrious townsman.

I. I shall not, in speaking of the local claims of Bunyan, surrender without a struggle the share which England at large has in those claims. Something of a national, something even of a cos-

mopolitan colour, was given to his career by the wandering gipsy life which drew the tinker with his humble wares from his brazier's shop, as well as by the more serious circuits which he made as an itinerant pastor on what were regarded as his episcopal visitations. When I leave Bedford this evening in order to go to Leicester, I shall still be on the track of the young soldier, who, whether in the Royal or the Parliamentary army—for it is still matter of dispute—so narrowly escaped the shot which laid his comrade low; and from the siege of its ancient walls gathered the imagery for the "Holy War" and the "Siege of Mansoul." When it was my lot years ago to explore the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, I was tempted to lend a willing ear to the ingenious officer on the Ordnance Survey, who conjectured that in that devious pathway and on those Surrey downs the Pilgrim of the seventeenth century may have caught the idea of the Hill Difficulty and the Delectable Mountains. On the familiar banks of the Kennett at Reading I recognize the scenes to which tradition has assigned his secret visits, disguised in the slouched hat, white smock frock, and carter's whip of a waggoner, as well as the last charitable enterprise which cost him his life. In the great Babylon of London I find myself in the midst of what must have given him his notion of Vanity Fair; where also, as the Mayor has reminded you, he attracted thousands round his pulpit at Zoar Chapel in Southwark, and where he rests at last in the grave of his host, the grocer Strudwick, in the cemetery of Bunhill Fields.

But none of these places can compete for closeness of association with his birthplace at Elstow. The cottage, or what might have been the cottage of his early home—the venerable church where first he joined in the prayers of our public worship—the antique pew where

¹ This address was delivered at Bedford on Wednesday, June 10, 1874, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of Bunyan.

² "As it has been questioned whether the 'Den,' at the beginning of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' means the gaol at Bedford, the following note may not be without interest:—The second edition, London, 1678, has no marginal note on the passage. The third edition, London, 1679, has as a note 'the gaol.' This was published in Bunyan's lifetime, and is, therefore, an authority. In the same edition there is a portrait in which Bunyan is represented as reclining and asleep over a den, in which there is a lion, with a portcullis."—*Notes and Queries*, June 20, 1874.

he sat—the massive tower whose bells he so lustily rang till struck by the pangs of a morbid conscience,—the village green where he played his rustic games and was haunted by his terrific visions,—the puddles in the road, on which he thought to try his first miracles—all these are still with us. And even Elstow can hardly rival the den,—whether the legendary prison on the bridge or the historical prison not far from where his monument stands,—for which the whole world inquiringly turns to Bedford. Most fitting, therefore, has it been that the first statue erected to the memory of the most illustrious citizen of Bedford should have been the offering of the noble head of the illustrious house to which Bedford has given its chief title. Most fitting it is that St. Peter's Green at Bedford should in this way—if I may use an expression I have myself elsewhere employed—have been annexed to the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and should contain the one effigy which England possesses of the first of human allegorists. Claim him, citizens of Bedford and inhabitants of Bedfordshire; claim him as your own. It is the strength of a county and of a town to have its famous men held in everlasting remembrance. They are the links by which you are bound to the history of your country, and by which the whole consciousness of a great nation is bound together. In your Bedfordshire lanes he doubtless found the original of his "Slough of Despond." In the halls and gardens of Wrest, of Haynes, and Woburn, he may have snatched the first glimpses of his "House Beautiful." In the turbid waters of your Ouse at flood time he saw the likeness of the "River very deep," which had to be crossed before reaching the Celestial City. You have become immortal through him; see that his glory never fades away amongst you.

2. And here this local connection passes into an ecclesiastical association on which I would dwell for a few moments. If Elstow was the natural birthplace of Bunyan, he himself would certainly have named as his spiritual

birthplace the meeting-house at Bedford and the stream of the Ouse, near the corner of Duck Mill Lane, where he was in middle life re-baptized. There, and in those dells of Wainwood and Sam-sell, where in the hard times he secretly ministered to his scattered flock, he became the most famous preacher of the religious communion which claims him as its own. The Baptist or Anabaptist Church, which once struck terror by its very name throughout the states of Europe, now, and even in Bunyan's time, subsiding into a quiet, loyal, peaceful, community, has numbered on its roll many illustrious names—a Havelock amongst its soldiers, a Carey and a Marshman among its missionaries, a Robert Hall among its preachers, and I speak now only of the dead. But neither amongst the dead nor the living who have adorned the Baptist name is there any before whom other churches bow their heads so reverently as he who in this place derived his chief spiritual inspirations from them; and amongst their titles to a high place in English Christendom, the conversion of John Bunyan is their chief and sufficient guarantee. We ministers and members of the National Church have much whereof to glory. We boast, and we justly boast, that one of our claims on the grateful affection of our country is that our institutions, our learning, our liturgy, our version of the Bible, have sustained and enlarged the general culture even of those who dissent from much that we teach and from much that we hold dear. But we know that even this boast is not ours exclusively. You remember Lord Macaulay's saying that the seventeenth century produced in England two men only of original genius. These were both Nonconformists—one was John Milton, and the other was John Bunyan. I will venture to add this yet further remark, that the whole of English literature has produced only two prose works of universal popularity, and both of these also were by Nonconformists—one is the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and it is called "Robinson Crusoe;" and the other is

the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name is the "Pilgrim's Progress." Every time that we open those well-known pages, or look at that memorable face, they remind us Churchmen that Nonconformists have their own splendid literature; they remind you Nonconformists that literature and culture are channels of grace no less spiritual than sacraments or doctrines, than preaching or revivals. There were many Bishops eminent for their piety and learning in the seventeenth century; but few were more deserving of the name than he who by the popular voice of Bedfordshire was called Bishop Bunyan.

3. And now, having rendered honour to whom honour is due—honour to the town of Bedford, and honour to my Nonconformist brethren,—let me take that somewhat wider survey to which, as I have said, this occasion invites me; only let me, before entering on that survey, touch for an instant on the contrast which is presented by the recollections of which we have just been speaking, and the occasion which brings us here together. There are certain places which we pass by in the valley of life, like to that which the Pilgrim saw, in which two giants dwelt of old time, "who," he says, "were either dead many a day, or else, by reason of age, have grown so crazy and stiff in their joints that they now do little more than sit at their cave's mouth grinning at pilgrims as they go by." It is at such a cave's mouth that we are to-day. We see at the long distance of two hundred years, a giant who, in Bunyan's time, was very stout and hearty. What shall we call him? His name was Old Intolerance, that giant who first, under the Commonwealth, in the shape of the Presbyterian clergy, could not bear with "the preaching of an illiterate tinker and an unordained minister," and then, in the shape of the Episcopal clergy, shut him up for twelve years in Bedford gaol. All this is gone for ever. —But let us not rejoice prematurely: the old giant is still alive. He may be seen in many shapes, on all sides,

and with many voices. "The spirit of burning and the spirit of judgment" have not, as some lament, altogether departed either from Churchmen or from Nonconformists. But his joints are very stiff and crazy; and when on this day the clergy and the magistrates of Bedford are seen rejoicing in common with their Dissenting brethren, at the inauguration of a memorial of him who once suffered at the hands of all their spiritual forefathers, it is a proof that the world has at least, in this respect, become a little more Christian, because a little more charitable and a little more enlightened—a little more capable of seeing the inward good behind outward differences.

An excellent and laborious Nonconformist, who devoted his life to the elucidation of the times and works of Bunyan, describes, with just indignation, the persecuting law of Charles II., under which John Bunyan was imprisoned, and he then adds, "This is now the law of the land we live in." No, my good Nonconformist brother, no, thank God! it is not now, nor has for many a long year, been in force amongst us. In the very year in which John Bunyan died, that Revolution took place to which, when compared with all the numerous revolutions which have since swept over other countries, may be well accorded the good old name "Glorious," and of which one of the most glorious fruits was the Toleration Act, by which such cruelties and follies as the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts became thenceforth and for ever impossible. That Act was, no doubt, only the first imperfect beginning; we have still, even now, all of us much to learn in this respect. But we have gained something; and this day is another pledge of the victory of the Christian faith, another nail knocked into the coffin of our ancient enemy. It required a union of many forces to effect the change. If it was Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, that befriended John Bunyan in prison, it was Whitehead, the Quaker, whom, in his earlier days, Bunyan regarded as a heathen and an outcast, that opened for him the doors

of Bedford gaol; and those doors were kept open by the wise King William III., by the Whig statesmen and Whig prelates of the day, and not least, by the great house of Russell, who, having protected the oppressed Non-conformists in the days of their trial, have in each succeeding generation opened the gates of the prison-house of prejudice and intolerance wider and wider still. Let it be our endeavour to see that they are not closed again either in Bedford or anywhere else.

4. Thus much I have felt constrained to say by the circumstances, local, ecclesiastical, and political, of this celebration. But I now enter on those points for which chiefly, no doubt, I have been asked to address you, and from which alone this monument has acquired its national importance. The hero of Elstow was great, the preacher in the Baptist meeting-house of Bedford was greater, but, beyond all comparison, greater was the dear teacher of the childhood of each of us, the creator of those characters whose names and faces are familiar to the whole world, the author of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." And when I speak to you of Bunyan in this his world-wide aspect, I speak to you no longer as a stranger to the men of Bedford, but as an Englishman to Englishmen; no longer as a Churchman to Dissenters, but as a Christian to Christians, and as a man to men throughout the world. In the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" we have his best self—as superior to his own inferior self as to his contemporaries. It is one of the peculiar delights of that charming volume that when we open it all questions of Conformity or Nonconformity, of Baptists or Pædobaptists, even of Catholic and Protestant, are left far behind. It is one of the few books which acts as a religious bond to the whole of English Christendom. It is, perhaps, with six others, and equally with any of those six, the book which, after the English Bible, has contributed to the common religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is one of the few books, perhaps almost the only English book, which has succeeded in identifying religious instruction with

entertainment and amusement both of old and young. It is one of the few books which has struck a chord which vibrates alike amongst the humblest peasants and amongst the most fastidious critics.

Let us pause for an instant to reflect how great a boon is conferred upon a nation by one such uniting element. How deeply extended is the power of sympathy, and the force of argument, when the preacher or the teacher knows that he can enforce his appeal by a name which, like that of an apostle or evangelist, comes home as with canonical weight to every one who hears him; by figures of speech which need only be touched in order to elicit an electric spark of understanding and satisfaction. And when we ask wherein this power consists, let me name three points.

First, it is because the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," as I have already indicated, is entirely catholic—that is, universal in its expression and its thoughts. I do not mean to say—it would be an exaggeration—that it contains no sentiments distasteful to this or that section of Christians, that it has not a certain tinge of the Calvinist or the Puritan. But what is remarkable is that this peculiar colour is so very slight. We know what was Bunyan's own passionate desire on this point. "I would be," he says, "as I hope I am, 'a Christian,' but as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independent, Presbyterian, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor Antioch, but from hell or Babylon." It was this universal charity that he expressed in his last sermon, "Dost thou see a soul that has the image of God in him? Love him, love him. This man and I must go to heaven one day. Love one another and do good for one another." It was this discriminating forbearance that he expressed in his account of the Interpreter's Garden. "Behold," he says, "the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, in colour, in smell, and in virtue; and some are better than some; also where the gardener has set them there they stand and quarrel not with

one another." There is no compromise in his words, there is no faltering in his convictions; but his love and admiration are reserved on the whole for that which all good men love, and his detestation on the whole is reserved for that which all good men detest. And if I may for a moment enter into detail, even in the very forms of his narrative, we find something as universal as his doctrine. Protestant, Puritan, Calvinist as he was, yet he did not fear to take the framework of his story and the figures of his drama, from the old mediæval Church, and the illustrations in which the modern editions of his book abound give us the pilgrim with his pilgrim's hat, the wayside cross, the crusading knight with his red-cross shield, the winged angels at the Celestial Gate, as naturally and as gracefully as though it had been a story from the "Golden Legend," or from the favourite romance of his early boyhood, "Sir Bevis of Southampton." Such a combination of Protestant ideas with Catholic forms had never been seen before, perhaps never since; it is in itself a union of Christendom in the best sense, to which neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Nonconformist can possibly demur. The form, the substance, the tendency of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in these respects may be called latitudinarian, but it is a latitudinarianism which was an indispensable condition for its influence throughout the world. By it, as has been well said by an admirable living authority¹ learned in all the learning of the Nonconformists, John Bunyan became the teacher, not of any particular sect, but of the universal Church.

Secondly, this wonderful book, with all its freedom, is never profane; with all its devotion, is rarely fanatical; with all its homeliness, is never vulgar. In other words, it is a work of pure art and true genius, and wherever these are we mount at once into a freer and loftier air. Bunyan was in this sense the Burns of England. On the tinker of Bedfordshire, as on the ploughman of

Ayrshire, the heavenly fire had been breathed which transformed the common clay, and made him a poet, a philosopher—may we not say a gentleman and a nobleman in spite of himself, "If you were to polish the style," says Coleridge, "you would destroy the reality of the vision." He dared (and it was, for one of his straitened school and scanty culture, an act of immense daring) to communicate his religious teaching in the form of fiction, dream, poetry. It is one of the most striking proofs of the superiority of literature over polemics, of poetry over prose, as a messenger of heavenly truth. "I have been better entertained and more informed," says Dean Swift, "by a few pages of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' than by a long discourse on the will and the intellect." "I have," says Arnold, "always been struck by its piety. I am now equally struck, and even more, by its profound wisdom." It might, perhaps, have been thought that Bunyan, with his rough and imperfect education, must have erred—as it may be he has sometimes erred—in defective appreciation of virtues and weaknesses not his own; but one prevailing characteristic of his work is the breadth and depth of his intellectual insight. For the sincere tremors of poor Mrs. Muchafraid he has as good a word of consolation as he has for the ardent aspirations of Faithful and Hopeful. For the dogmatic nonsense of Talkative he has a word of rebuke as strong as he has for the gloomy dungeons of Doubting Castle; and for the treasures of the past he has a feeling as tender and as pervasive as if he had been brought up in the cloisters of Oxford or Westminster Abbey.

When (if I may for a moment speak of myself) in early youth I lighted on the passage where the Pilgrim is taken to the House Beautiful to see "the pedigree of the Ancient of Days, and the rarities and histories of that place, both ancient and modern," I determined that if ever the time should arrive when I should become a professor of ecclesiastical history, these should be the opening words in which I would de-

¹ "Church of the Revolution," by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, p. 175.

scribe the treasures of that magnificent storehouse. Accordingly when, many years after, it so fell out, I could find no better mode of beginning my course at Oxford than by redeeming that early pledge; and when the course came to an end, and I wished to draw a picture of the prospects yet reserved for the future of Christendom, I found again that the best words I could supply were those in which, on leaving the Beautiful house, Christian was shown in the distance the view of the Delectable Mountains, "which, they said, would add to his comfort because they were nearer to the desired haven." What was my own experience in one special branch of knowledge may also be the experience of many others. And for the nation at large, all who appreciate the difficult necessity of refining the atmosphere and cultivating the taste of the uneducated and the half educated, may be thankful that in this instance there is a well of English language and of Christian thought, pure and undefiled, at which the least instructed and the best instructed may alike come to quench their mental thirst, and to refresh their intellectual labours. On no other occasion could such a rustic assemblage have been seen taking part in the glorification of a literary work as we have witnessed this day in Bedford. That is a true education of the people—an education which we know not perhaps whether to call denominational or undenominational, but which is truly national, truly Christian, truly divine.

Lastly, there is the practical, homely, energetic insight into the heart of man, and the spiritual needs of human nature, which make his picture of the Pilgrim's heavenward road a living drama, not a dead disquisition, a thing to be imitated, not merely to be read. Look at John Bunyan himself as he stands before you, whether in the description of his own contemporaries or in the image now so skilfully carved amongst you by the hand of the sculptor. As surely as he walked your streets with his lofty, stalwart form, "tall of stature, strong boned, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old

British fashion, his hair reddish, but in his latter days sprinkled with grey, his nose well cut, his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest;" as surely also as he was known amongst his neighbours as "in countenance of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity unless occasion required it, observing never to boast of himself, but rather seeming low in his own eyes, and submitting himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, but loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all, with a sharp, quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of person, being of good judgment and quick wit;" as surely as he so seemed when he was alive, as surely as he was one of yourselves, a "man of the people," as you heard at St. Peter's Green this morning, a man of the people of England and the people of Bedford—so surely is the pilgrimage which he described the pilgrimage of every one amongst us, so surely are the combinations of the neighbours, the friends, the enemies whom he saw in his dream the same as we see in our actual lives. You and I, as well as he, have met with Mr. By-ends, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Talkative. Some of us, perhaps, may have seen Mr. Nogood and Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Hatelight and Mr. Implacable. All of us have at times been like Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Feeblemind, and Faintheart, and Noheart, and Slowpace, and Shortwind, and Sleepyhead, and "the young woman whose name was Dull." All of us need to be cheered by the help of Greatheart, and Standfast, and Valiant for the Truth, and good old Honest. Some of us have been in Doubting Castle, some in the Slough of Despond; some have experienced the temptations of Vanity Fair; all of us have to climb the Hill Difficulty; all of us need to be instructed by the Interpreter in the House Beautiful; all of us bear the same burden;

all of us need the same armour in our fight with Apollyon; all of us have to pass through the wicket gate; all of us have to pass through the dark river; and for all of us (if God so will) there wait the Shining Ones at the gates of the Celestial City, "which, when we see, we wish ourselves amongst them."

II.—ARNOLD AND RUGBY.¹

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to you on this occasion, when by chance I have been enabled to find myself here, on a day which, to me, and to Rugby, must ever be dear, and which, though to many of you it carries no recollection, it is worth while to take this opportunity of impressing on your minds.

It is now thirty-two years ago, since on Sunday morning, the 12th of June, the most famous Headmaster of this school, to whom we all look back as its second founder, Thomas Arnold, was called away by a death, of which the sudden shock was felt through every part of the country, wherever a Rugby scholar happened to be, and which to those who were engaged in their work at that time in the school, whether as masters or as boys, gave the feeling as if the whole place were passed away with one who had been in every sense its head. If any of you wish to have recalled to your minds what were the feelings of Rugby boys at that moment, read again the last chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days." That admirable book gives you the best idea of what Arnold was to Rugby; and that chapter especially gives you the best notion of what his scholars thought and felt when they heard of his death. I myself had, as many of you know, been under his care for six years, which I still cherish as amongst the most precious of my life. The sermons which I heard from his lips in this place are still, through the vicissitudes of an often stormy and eventful time, as fresh in my memory as when I first listened to them in

this chapel, with a mixture of admiration and delight which I cannot describe. The effect of his character, and the lessons of his teaching, have been the stimulus to whatever I may have been able to do in the forty years since I left school; and his words constantly come back to me as expressing better than anything else my hopes and fears for this life, and for the life to come.

I have said thus much to you that you may know why it is that I have obeyed your Headmaster's wishes, and ventured (though a stranger whom many of you perhaps never heard of or saw before) to say a few words that may serve to make you know what Arnold was. Let me speak first of his teaching, and then of himself.

Of his teaching. A very distinguished schoolfellow of mine said to me some time ago, "There are two words whose meaning we both learned from him—Religion and History."

Religion. What was it that Arnold told us of Religion? It was that Religion—the relation of the soul to God—depends on our own moral and spiritual characters. He made us understand that the only thing for which God supremely cares, the only thing that God supremely loves is goodness—that the only thing which is supremely hateful to God is wickedness. All other things are useful, admirable, beautiful in their several ways. All forms, ordinances, means of instruction, means of amusement, have their place in our lives. But Religion, the true Religion of Jesus Christ, consists in that which makes us wiser and better, more truthful, more loving, more tender, more considerate, more pure. Therefore, in his view, there was no place or time from which Religion is shut out—there is no place or time where we cannot be serving God by serving our fellow-creatures.

History. No doubt he taught us much beside. But History, past and present, was his favourite study; and he made us feel that the dead men of Greece and Rome, the departed times of England and France, were full of living interest. He made us understand that much that we call ancient

¹ This Address was delivered in the Chapel of Rugby School on Friday, June 12, 1874, an occasion of a passing visit.

was really modern, much that we call modern was really ancient. He made us feel that there was a sequence in the events of history, and that it was through the knowledge of the successive forms which goodness and truth can take at different times that Religion itself can best be understood. He taught us how great a thing it was to be Englishmen—citizens of the kingly commonwealth of England. He taught us the value of Law—that there is in all moral matters only one authority, and that is the law of God; and in all other matters only one authority, and that is the law of our country. He made us understand the greatness of Christianity by making us feel the grandeur of Europe and the magnificence of Christendom.

I have just briefly touched on these two main points of his teaching because the more you look at them as he looked at them, the more you will feel that they will bear all the weight of life, and all the sifting of inquiry. Many things which he said, no doubt, have been changed as times have changed, and knowledge has widened. But the essential spirit of his method remains still.

But most of all, we learned the meaning of those two words from himself. When we looked in his face, when we heard him speak from this pulpit, when we heard him in the Big School reading prayers, or heard him in the library teaching the Sixth Form, we saw that he was always acting, or trying to act, as in the presence of God, enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life because God had given them to him—turning away from everything base, or mean, or dishonourable because he knew that God abhorred it.

That we felt to be his religion. His presence made us also feel what history was. For we—any of us who could think at all—knew that he was like one of those great men of whom we read in history. We thought then, and, after having witnessed many famous events, and seen many famous men of our time, I think and know now, that he was one of the heroes of our age—one whom to have known and loved is an honour and a privilege, and

a responsibility which will last as long as life endures.

One word I will say in conclusion. I remember that on the Sunday after his death one of the lessons read in this chapel was that chapter where Samuel takes leave of his people, and says, "Behold, my sons are with you." I remember being deeply affected by those words. I thought then chiefly of his actual children—those sons and daughters who are all, save one, living still, who for the thirty-two years since his departure were gathered round their dear and venerable mother, who only last year departed to join the husband whom she had so loved. But I will now take these words in a larger sense. "Behold his sons are with us." We are indeed all of us here, and in many and many a place besides, "the sons of Arnold." Your teachers, though some of them never saw him—the two most distinguished Headmasters of this place, though they had seen him only as it were but for a moment—were in this sense his sons. They felt, and they feel, that much that was best and noblest within them and around them came from his example and his teaching. He who is now the Primate of the English Church, and he whose farewell words in this place four years and a half ago, I heard with a feeling that it was like hearing Arnold's voice again—are both the sons of Arnold. But you also—you, the youngest amongst you, you to whom the name of Arnold is of one who lived and died long, long ago—you also are, without knowing it, his children. Whatever there is good and inspiring and lofty and stimulating in this place, comes from him. You need not repeat his words, you need not share his opinions, you may perhaps never read his life, but so far as you sustain the honour of Rugby boys, setting to yourselves now and to your country afterwards, the examples of upright, generous, truthful boys, and afterwards of fearless, energetic, noble-minded Englishmen;—so far you are Christians in Arnold's spirit; so far you carry on to future days the glory of him who sleeps in the midst of this chapel, and whose memory is its best inheritance.

A. P. S.